

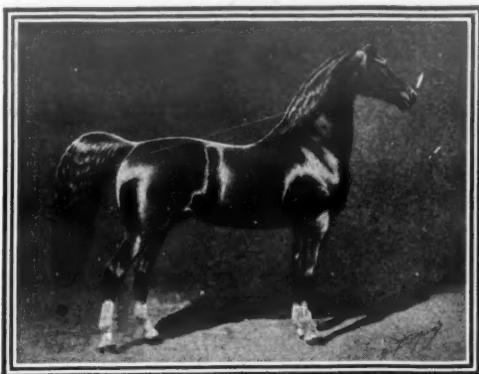
THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1906

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# The Mirror

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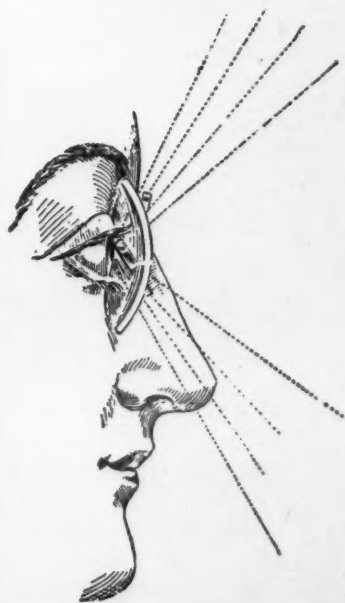
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# The Mirror

VOL. XVI.—No. 37

ST. LOUIS, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1906.

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WILLIAM MARION REEDY, Editor and Proprietor

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## The Elections

By W. M. R.

In the Nation

AS a result of the Congressional election the Democrats have an increased representation in the next House. But the gain does not appear to be great enough to brag over. The country still has confidence in President Roosevelt.

There is small comfort for Mr. Bryan in the returns. Hearst made a wonderful race in New York. His defeat is not decisive. He is still in the game. He was beaten by McCarren's Standard Oil work in Brooklyn, and that makes but a Pyrrhic victory for the System. Hearst has control of the State organization and New York's vote in the next convention.

Massachusetts went with a slump for the Republicans, Minnesota for the Democrats. For the rest the expected appears to have happened, even in Iowa, where Cummins barely wins against the Perkins knife. Rhode Island seems to be Democratic, which amounts to little, as the Governor has no power. The election was, broadly speaking, a Republican sweep, though some big Republican Congressmen, like Wadsworth, of New York, and Babcock, of Iowa, were snowed under. Missouri's majority for the Democracy is much reduced.

♦ ♦

In Missouri

BUT for Folk, Missouri would have gone Republican beyond a doubt. It was only his campaign, his personality, the things he stood for, that won the day. The Republicans hold three Congressional districts, the Fifth, Tenth and Twelfth—the latter two in St. Louis. There was no fight for Democracy in Missouri, except Folk's. The result shows him the savior of his party, as he was in 1904. It leaves him, therefore, in the list of Democratic Presidential possibilities.

♦ ♦

In St. Louis

THERE was a fair election in St. Louis. The whole Republican ticket won handsomely. What beat the Democrats, with all their control of the machinery? Too much Hawes, too much Race Track, too much Wells, too much Bucket Shop, too much Dave Francis, too much Big Cinch, too much Morton Jourdan and Sam Priest, too much Ollie Roberts—too little Folk, too little Hough, too little Tom Kinney. The party can't win here when it hisses and rolls and dumps its square men. Hawes will probably have to go to work sheet-writing or bucket shopping for his owner, Louis Cella. As a leader he is not only dead, but putrified. The handsomest win in St. Louis was Mr. Neville, for Congress, in the Eleventh District. The labor vote landed him. Aside from this the glory goes all to Otto Stifel and Jeptha Howe, Republican managers. The lid didn't figure as a factor. The police stopped the repeaters. Honest judges and clerks of election didn't doctor the returns. The people took a smash at Mr. Hawes' fecal politics, at Wells' insolent dubbishness, at the slum gang that hissed Folk's law enforcement. The smashing defeat of Hawes is a graceful tribute to Folk. It's a warning, too, that the St. Louis Democrats can't afford to trample on Kinney for Hawes and his race track, corporation interests.

## Reflections

Taxation in Missouri

TAX reform is to be an issue in Missouri in a very short time. Governor Folk is in favor of a tax system that will reach all the things that should be assessed and leave out the things that should not be assessed. He is in favor of home rule in taxation and he has appointed a Tax Commission that inclines to the same view. What the lines are upon which tax reform shall proceed here, having been successfully followed elsewhere, are indicated in the article by Mr. Lawson Purdy, the tax expert, which we print elsewhere. Tax-payers, individual and incorporate, should be interested in proposals that affect them so directly. They should study the logic of Mr. Purdy, for it is the logic, in the main, that will enforce the suggestions of the Tax Commission and stamp the message upon taxation that Governor Folk will submit to the Legislature with a view to securing an amendment to the constitution that will rationalize taxation in Missouri.

♦ ♦

WE observe orgasms of appreciation of Jack London's "Before Adam," a story of man in his arboreal days, now running in *Everybody's*. But the thing has been done better before—in "The Story of Ab," by Stanley Waterloo.

♦ ♦

A St. Louisan's Novel

MR. LEWIS BENJAMIN ELY, formerly editorial writer on the *Republic*, is the author of the feature novel in *Lippincott's* this month: "Young Love and Old Hate." It is a story of Missouri, love, politics and journalism in equal parts, with our old friend, *Pevely Sadders* as a minor hero. A pleasant tale, if not quite clear as to what the villain had done. The girl in the case is sweet, but vague, and the hero, a young editor, in Boonetown, does strange detective stunts that are not always perspicuously explained. But the story is dramatic. It moves rapidly. Its incident is more copious than its characterization. For instance, we are never told what grudge the Colonel had against Boonetown. The culminating episode is strongly worked up to a high pitch and then rounded off with a "Lost Chord" sort of performance on the piano by the heroine who hardly appears in the story, save as a broadly suggested motive for the young journalist's heroics. All this looks like harsh criticism. It is not. It is not harsh, to say that in spite of these defects Mr. Ely has written a story that compels you to read it once you have dipped in. It has places in it that make you sit up. It has the beginnings of good character work. And it has story, which is quite necessary in a story. Mr. Ely will do much better work than "Young Love and Old Hate," which is evidently a first novel, not much pruned and polished. He should essay little in the elaboration of humor. *Pevely Sadders* is no more amusing in this tale than he was in the *Republic's* editorial columns, though he serves as a handy god out of machinery to convict, confuse, confute and confound Congressman Crowder. Mr. Ely has a good sense of story construction. He can write simplicities in a way to stir one. In short, Mr. Ely can write



a big story when he shall have found himself, a story that will have the grip upon us of very life. This is proved by the present tale which holds us in spite of its pardonable crudities.

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#### *Lodge as an Essayist.*

THAT our literary statesmen are not in the class with those of England, one is sure after comparing the essays of Senator Lodge with those of Mr. Morley or Mr. Balfour, or Senator Beveridge's lucubrations with those of Mr. Augustine Birrell, or President Roosevelt's with those of Lord Roseberry. The Englishmen write literature. The Americans write journalese. Mr. Lodge's essays in the book, "A Frontier Town" (Scribners, New York) are juiceless things. They lack color. They are innocent of cadence. They are void of temperament, or mood, or the evidence of loving care in preparation. Mr. Lodge writes of Franklin saplessly. There is no salt in his estimate. It is exasperating to the man who knows anything about Franklin the man, with his touch of Rabelais and Casanova, and it does little to help the man who knows nothing of Franklin. So with Lodge's "Roosevelt." It is very New England, very primi, very uncritical, very un-Rooseveltian. He writes better of the Senate and of Senator Hoar, but still he writes in his dress clothes, and tells his tale like a high-school scholar standing up in line and reciting his piece. Gov. Folk can write more compactly, and with no more platitudinosity, than Lodge in "Good Citizenship." Cabot Lodge on "History" is innocent of any trace of succulence. He lacks all unction, his sympathy is frost-bitten. His "Frontier Town" is an address that but dimly comprehends the great human romance of pioneering. Of course Senator Lodge is correct. He writes grammatically. He reflects upon things, but you look in vain for anything that rises above the requirements of the pedagogic principles on which the *Success* magazine is conducted. How one longs for the smallest hint of the glow of Macaulay, for a page like one of Morley's on Machavelli, or Birrell on Burke, or Roseberry on Napoleon, or Balfour on Belief. After such men as these Lodge is but sawdust and hydrant water, compared with cakes and ale. And yet Lodge is the best we have in that line. He's about a mile and a half ahead of Beveridge. Still we can't expect a man to be other than he is—and Lodge is, literarily, only slightly thawed Boston. This book of essays is worth reading for a grouping of facts, but as an interpretation of life, of the larger life, it is in the vocative. It has only one merit, and that is negative. It is the other extreme of the "appreciations" of Alfred Henry Lewis. We have no first-class essayists in the United States, though we have some very good ones like Paul Elmer More, W. C. Brownell, and one or two others who write in the *Atlantic Monthly*, and Mr. E. S. Martin and, perhaps, Miss Agnes Repplier. Senator Lodge is only a politician who can write a bit; not to be ranked even with England's Winston Churchill.

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#### *The Quest of the Pole*

PEARY has approached to within 200 statute miles of the North Pole. This gives America the record on farthest North. Aside from this uttermost nothing to date there is nothing remarkable about the voyage, so far as present accounts go, except the discovery of open water beyond the ice pack, over which he traveled to the limit of progress, on sleds. But haven't we heard of the open polar sea for forty years? I, myself, remember an address by Capt. Silas Bent, at old Mercantile Library Hall, on the Northwest passage, in which he talked of the Gulf Stream,

or the Kuro-Siwo, and the open Polar Sea. Therefore Peary's discovery would not seem to be particularly startling. The old theory was that the pole would be found in an open sea—a sea too warm to stay frozen over even at ultimate north. Why, then, the surprise of Peary and the others at the clear water ahead of his route, and stopping his advance. The remarkable thing about this Peary expedition is that it reached so far in the space of one year. What good will result from the discovery of the Pole? We shall know where it is, and maybe gain some new idea of the shape of the earth. We already begin to suspect it is more like a top or a pear than like the fruit to which the geographies of our youth compared it—the orange, flattened at the poles—like a candidate at the polls. Besides, there may be valuable minerals up there somewhere. See what has been found in Alaska. Only a few months ago a big bed of copper was found in Greenland. There may be money buried at the Pole, figuratively speaking. Meanwhile the South Pole isn't being neglected. An immense ice-bound continent has been found blocking the way to that point. The North Pole is more interesting only because the navigator races are nearer to its mystery, and can some day, they hope, use the passage over that pole in their and the world's business. Some day a concert of the powers may be found blasting the way for the passage of their ships through the ice packs, or using great electric plants to melt the ice away. But if we gain nothing when the Pole is found, it is a high adventure. It is an effort to know, rather than to guess. Therefore rightly do we call heroes Franklin and Kane and Hayes and Greeley and Nansen and Nordenfjeld and Andre, and now Peary. They seek something possibly less tangible than the Sangreal, but they are none the less "very perfect good knights," as any named in the *Morte d'Arthur*. What do they seek? The greatest thing in the world—Truth. And not even the absurdities of a Walter Wellman, who goes after the Pole every summer, can make their quest other than a commendable manifestation of the spirit of man that will know at whatever hazard of toil, of suffering, of death itself. The Pole will be found; both Poles will be found. And then the avatars of Peary and his predecessors will be found plotting the exploration of the Moon or Mars. Man, it seems fair to suppose, will not stay confined to this planet when he has searched it out. There be portents in recent discoveries of chemistry and physics that not only the earth but the universe belongs to him, and he will proceed to open it up with his inquisitive intelligence, even as with his sword the hero opened the world like an oyster.

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#### *Dave's Ichthyc Optic*

JOE BAILEY will probably be re-elected to the Senate from Texas, because the fight upon him began too late. The fight was belated because the facts of his betrayal of his State to Standard Oil did not come out before. Bailey's reputation is gone. He has, literally, nothing but money. And he can trace his downfall upward, or his downward upfall to David R. Francis, of Missouri, who also has his ichthyc optic on a seat in the Senate.

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#### *Flood of Fraudulent Stock*

THE daily papers are being filled up with flaring advertisements of various stocks—mining and other—that are "bound to advance in price" before a given date. Keep away from them. Stocks that are not offered by reputable brokers and bankers should be shunned. They are either fakes or frauds, or both. The newspapers, in lending their pages to the promo-

tion of these swindling schemes should be prosecuted. That they can't tell the nature of the schemes they advertise is the newspapers' defense. The declaration is a lie. The falsity and fraud of most of the advertising referred to is patent to even the most ordinary intelligence.

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#### *Root and Czolgosz*

ELIHU ROOT's record is about as evil-odored as that of any other high-finance politician. His coming out against Hearst in New York has brought out his own record as a Trust servitor, gladly skirting the walls of the penitentiary in the service of his masters. Verily, he is a Root of all evil. He has been in the pay of giant crooks, from Tweed to Tom Ryan. His skulduggery reaches from juggling with courts to defying banking laws by negotiating bogus loans. He says Hearst nerved the arm of Czolgosz. He lies. Czolgosz was moved in his crazy mind to the awful deed he did, by the evils perpetrated by the huge thieves whose fees have made Root's fame and fortune. President McKinley was saved from everlasting disgrace only by his death at the hands of an assassin. If McKinley had lived and the Root crowd had retained its hold upon him, he would have earned universal execration. The gang that surrounded McKinley was for the continuance of every crookedness that Theodore Roosevelt has attacked. Of that gang Root was the legal brain. It was Root and what Root stood and stands for that produced the sentiment, risen to insanity, that urged Leon Czolgosz to slay President McKinley at Buffalo. Happy McKinley, that he died before his fame was wholly blasted by the perpetuation of the policies in the support of which Root has become distinguished—"by merit raised to that bad eminence."

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#### *That Sub-Treasury Mystery*

THERE is a deficit of \$61,500 in the money in the St. Louis sub-treasury; but no one knows where the money went. The authorities might get a clew by examining the accounts of the biggest bucket shop in the world, six blocks from the sub-treasury office. The action of the authorities from Washington in this case have been peculiar. It appears to indicate that the money will be paid back, and that there will be no prosecution. Young Mr. Dyer's acceptance of the situation is peculiar, in view of the suspicion that has attached to him as a subordinate in the office. He didn't get the money, he says, and the known facts seem to bear him out. He looks like a young man who is standing pat to save someone else. He cannot account for the disappearance of the money from his care. It seems probable, too, that the money, will be put back without his knowledge. Altogether, the deficit is a queer one—as queer as the methods employed in the investigation thereof. Those methods justify all sorts of speculation as to the exact nature of the defalcation. Sub-Treasurer Akins, who suffers grievously because of the incident, is at his wits' end to account for the loss of the money, but even in his distraction over the misfortune, he declines to accuse anyone in his office. This, in itself, strange as it seems, is an evidence of the sub-treasurer's honesty and general squareness. It is to his credit as a man that he isn't trying to unload on any scapegoat to save himself from the consequences of the disaster. For the rest, the investigation has looked like an attempt to becloud rather than to expose the details of the peculation.

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WELL; the losers of last Tuesday can imagine how the Thanksgiving turkey feels about Thanksgiving, as they hearken to the rejoicings of the winners.



## A Top-Shelf Masterpiece

By W. M. R.

GEORGE MOORE, the Irish novelist and essayist, has at last achieved a masterpiece. But it is a top-shelf masterpiece—this "Memoirs of My Dead Life." No book like it has appeared since the memoirs of that amiable and amusing scoundrel, Casanova. It will hardly be published in the United States. The young person, whom we are always protecting from contamination, and who is always so much wiser than we are on the very things from which we would shield him or her, will have no chance to read this wonderful and beautiful work, unless he or she can lay hands on Heinemann's English edition.

For it is a wonderful and beautiful book. First, in its style. It is written with a grace and charm and sparkle and perfume that make the manner the fittest possible medium for the matter. It is a wicked book—that is the Puritans will call it so, but oh, it is redolent of the ichor and reproductive of the glow of youth—the youth that is behind us all. Its frankness is startling, or rather thrilling, yet it is entirely innocent of the vulgarity of smut. The truth of it is all glamourised over with the poetry of adolescence seen in a backward glance. It is spring with a touch of autumn in its air. Its joyousness and bravery are pathetic—as pathetic as ourselves at twenty-one to twenty-five, what time we lived in our dream of high deeds in art, in letters, in life, in love. George Moore has in no other of his many volumes such an exquisite touch, such an abandonment of the self to revelative rapture. His outpouring of his heart is simple to the point of exasperation. Its art is concealed in a pellucid, translucent treatment of language which gives every mood a special and particular poignancy.

The subject is Mr. George Moore's love affairs. They are such love affairs as prevailed in the Bohemian world of Paris twenty-five years ago. Love savored with sin and the art spirit, and with laughter and with daintiness of subtly-scented lingerie. The *frou-frou* whispers through the pages, attuned to the susurrations of summer seas, to the strains of violins in the parks, to the odor of flowers and lisp of leaves, with the clatter of the fumists in the cafes of Montmartre, with the smiles, sighs and sobs of women passed away but not forgotten. This love he tells us of is the love that comes unsought and seeks no sanction other than itself, the love that lingers in memory, dimly regretted but keenly remembered when we are old and settled and good husbands and fathers. 'Tis lightly told—with sadness in the smile as we speak.

But I said it was wicked—as the purists deem. Wicked, but sweet with the naturalness of it all, its lack of sordidness, lack of conscious idealization, its acceptance of the hour, without a qualm, its simulation of soul. The respectables will hold up their hands at it, but the men who have lived—and they haven't lived if they have not loved—will read it with a sense of tear-welling ill-suppressed—tears for their own lost loves, lost youths, yet keenly, acutely sensitive to the artistry that makes the mistresses of other years revisit our memories "still fair and kind and young"—makes them come back from the hells into which they have sunk away from us, and from the even more dismal commonplaceness of their surrender to the bonds they flouted in old days. It is a cruel book—as cruel as the Marquis de Sade's "Justine"—for George Moore has "taken his fun where he found it," has sinned with no little of the critical gusto of a connoisseur in the loving of many women. At times he comes near to telling what a gentleman never tells, to bragging of his way with the ladies. Only his etherealization of his theme, his projection of it into an atmosphere as of a lawless *pays d'amour*, saves it from atrocious brutality.

The episode of the Irish waitress in Paris is tender with a tenderness that was unknown to Murger or Daudet. So with the story of *Marie Pelegrin*, that begins in gaiety, in the quarter, passes to a ducal mansion in St. Petersburg and culminates in consumption and death back in the quarter again. His "Spring in London" is as vital and vigorous as Ernest Henley's voluntary on that theme. "Flowering Normandy" is a saucy idyl with just the faintest, deftest reminiscence of Theocritan simplicity, tempered by sophistication. This lover who knows all the art of love, writes of Paris with debonnaire certitude, with a fondness that is intimate and understanding of its glitter, blithesomeness, beauties and brutalities. His pen sketch of Paul Verlaine, sot, thief, tramp, dreamer, singer, pianist, saint and lunatic is a ghastly bit of *outré* truth. We glimpse other odd *decadents* in their phosphorescence amid the slime. We read poems about painting and painters, and then you see the chestnuts blossoming. There is, now and then, an unexpected tenderness in his tone, as in the chapter, "Bring in the Lamp"—a reverie that seems like Schumann's music. The episode of the English girl who played the violin for him in the gardens is at once piercingly and profoundly true to some natures in its utter unconscious depravity due to the dominance of sex in a girl's makeup. It is a flash light upon an over-sexed individuality that appals one because of the plainness of intimation that such creatures are more common than we know. But "The Lovers of Orelay" is a pure jewel of a story in which, what would easily descend into salacity is toned down into an idyl of triumphant artifice in the tender passion. It's like Watteau, or like Fragonard sounds. There is only this to be said of it. Everything of its kind before, in English, has been debased to the coarseness of the English mind, to G. W. M. Reynolds, let us say, or to "Frank Danby," or, further back, Aphra Behn. The treatment purifies the theme. The theme is a love affair a *Poutrance*, but told in a spirit of abandon to the artistic decorations that can be applied to a liaison. It is in a key rare and fine that never grows deep and never rises to shrillness. It is a passion cooled with rose leaves. No heart in it, no soul; just the artlessness of youth loving because it's easy to love, and looking neither before nor after. Light o' love was never lighter on either part. From this we turn to the chapter, "Resurgam," devoted to the death of his mother in the old home in Ireland, which is truly great in its restraint, in its apparently cynical truth. The chapter seems, in places, bare and hard and silly, but the totality of it is fine just because baseness, dryness, hardness, silliness, even sordid little vanities will, and do intrude upon us in our greatest agonies. The truth makes it sweet—the bitterness enhances the sweetness. The chapter is utterly devoid of that mother sentiment, out of which we manufacture popular songs. It is truth, sharp and biting, and it is exquisitely told in the measured sentiment of one who has lived.

"Memoirs of My Dead Life" is a fundamental tragi-comedy of humanity. It has the humor of one worn with much living, yet also the humor that derives from the very earth; the humor of Rabelais, humor going down to the coarseness of Thomas Hardy's yokels, though softened in speech. It is this humor that saves alike the cruelty and the sentiment from offensiveness. It is the key that keeps the book sane all through, holds it above the literature of crass pornography. It flouts the namby-pamby world. It treats of life that is real life. It is youth's true voice. It has something of Elizabethan breadth, and depth, though it does not quite reach the stroke of those masters. It is "a masterpiece in petto," a book never to be forgotten by whoso reads it, a book doomed, alas! by the nasty-niceness of the miserable Yankee moralists to the top-shelf, or even to hiding under lock and key. It has no cant of freedom or liberty. It is honest. It comes nearer to realizing in letters the portraiture of a man naked, even unto

his *cor cordium*, than any book since "Tom Jones." It is infinitely above Aretino, and it lacks the meanness of Casanova. It will immortalize George Moore.

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## Kindly Caricatures

[81] Robert Bringhurst

"ROTTER assignment! Got to go out to the Art Museum and fake a picture of a reception crowd!" Such was the petulant plaint of a newspaper cartoonist, new to the St. Louis public, a few years ago.

"H'm, that's what I call a snap," an old hand at the business told him unsympathetically. "All you have to do is to put in some hats and gowns, Pete Ives' pompous front and Bobby Bringhurst's nose, and there you are with a characteristic St. Louis Art crowd."

To the cartoonist it is a great, a satisfying nose, the nose that adorns the countenance of our one and only sculptor; a tangible feature, one that you can get hold of. It is the sort of facial lineament that makes cartooning easy. It should take place in history with the noses of Lord Brougham and Cyrano de Bergerac. But Robert Bringhurst is not all nose. Indeed, he would have achieved distinction without any nose at all. A man who can "live by art alone" in St. Louis is a man to be taken seriously—if, and after, he escapes the observation ward.

In New York or Paris, Bringhurst would have made a fortune out of clay, and this old town owes him something for sticking it out here when men of inferior ability were shaking the goldless dust of St. Louis from their feet and going East, where their ability has met with something like appreciation. But for him, we would have had no sculptor at all during the deary nineteen years he put in at the Art School, doing his best to make something of the modeling class, with no facilities for teaching, no money for running expenses and scant encouragement from those in authority.

Was he supporting his family on the salary the School paid him? But this is not a tirade against the St. Louis School of Fine Arts and its methods. Heaven knows, the School has troubles of its own, and Bringhurst was lucky in the matter of out-of-town commissions.

He gained a little more than local fame by his Gen. Grant monument that used to stand at the head of Twelfth street, and now adorns the City Hall park. Later he was commissioned to model a monument to Senator Plumb, at Topeka, Kan. After that, things began to come easy. He was the prize winner in several competitions. His "Victory Rescuing the Standard-bearer," submitted in the Wisconsin contest for a State war monument, won over models submitted by the greatest sculptors of the country.

That sculptured group was a revelation of the real Bringhurst to the people who thought they knew him intimately. It is not the sort of thing you would expect from a man with his "cut of jib." It is exquisite in handling, rhythmical and full of poetic feeling. It carries to completion the art which was foreshadowed in all the former work from the same fingers. It is typical of the man, as the few, not the many, know him, especially in its felicitous facility of the feminine form.

Lorado Taft, who knows American sculpture better than anyone else in the world, having compiled the only work of any value on the subject, declared long ago that Robert Bringhurst was "the poet among American plastic artists." His work may lack vigor and brute force; but for any such lack it gives ample recompense in subtlety of line and a certain delicate, emotional quality that might almost be characterized as feminine—not effeminate, mark you.

That is it! Bringhurst's art is subjective, not aggressive. It is petrified poetry of the emotional, intensely rhythmical sort. In another way he reveals



the feminine quality of his art. That is in his pupils. Among the hundreds who have learned to handle clay and modeling tools, under his tutelage at the Art School, there has not been a single man who has gone out to achieve success, yet there are scarcely less than a score of women,—Clara Pfeifer, Stella Rumbold, Hattie Clark, Florence Scharmann and the rest of that list,—who owe their success to the teaching they received in that poor old basement room, with the worst facilities in the world.

The young men who worked for a time in the modeling room usually went back to their painting, greatly strengthened in their drawing and with a feeling for form that they could not have acquired from years of study "in the flat." Richard Miller, the best portrait painter of his generation, ascribes much of his strong draftsmanship to one term's work in modeling under Bringhurst.

The boys who might have found clay their best medium for expression, failed to respond to the teacher's ideals. It was in the teaching of young women, all of whom are "daughter" to him, that he found his most prolific field. In many instances he furthered the career of a promising but impecunious student by giving her employment in his own studio, after school hours, assisting him with the making of "working models" to be sent to the bronze foundry. This critical work, for which he paid liberally, was the very best instruction a student could have. As a rule the girls were singled out because of their patience and delicacy of touch, and this may be the real reason why the Bringhurst pupils who have "made good" are all girls.

One day the sculptor caught on to something that he was a long time finding out, namely and to-wit: "If you want to sell artistic things in St. Louis, sell 'em cheap." You can't sell bronze and marble figures at St. Louis prices and keep the pot boiling, because those things cost too much to produce. There must be some other medium, less expensive, in which as artistic results could be realized. The sculptor found it. He turned potter!

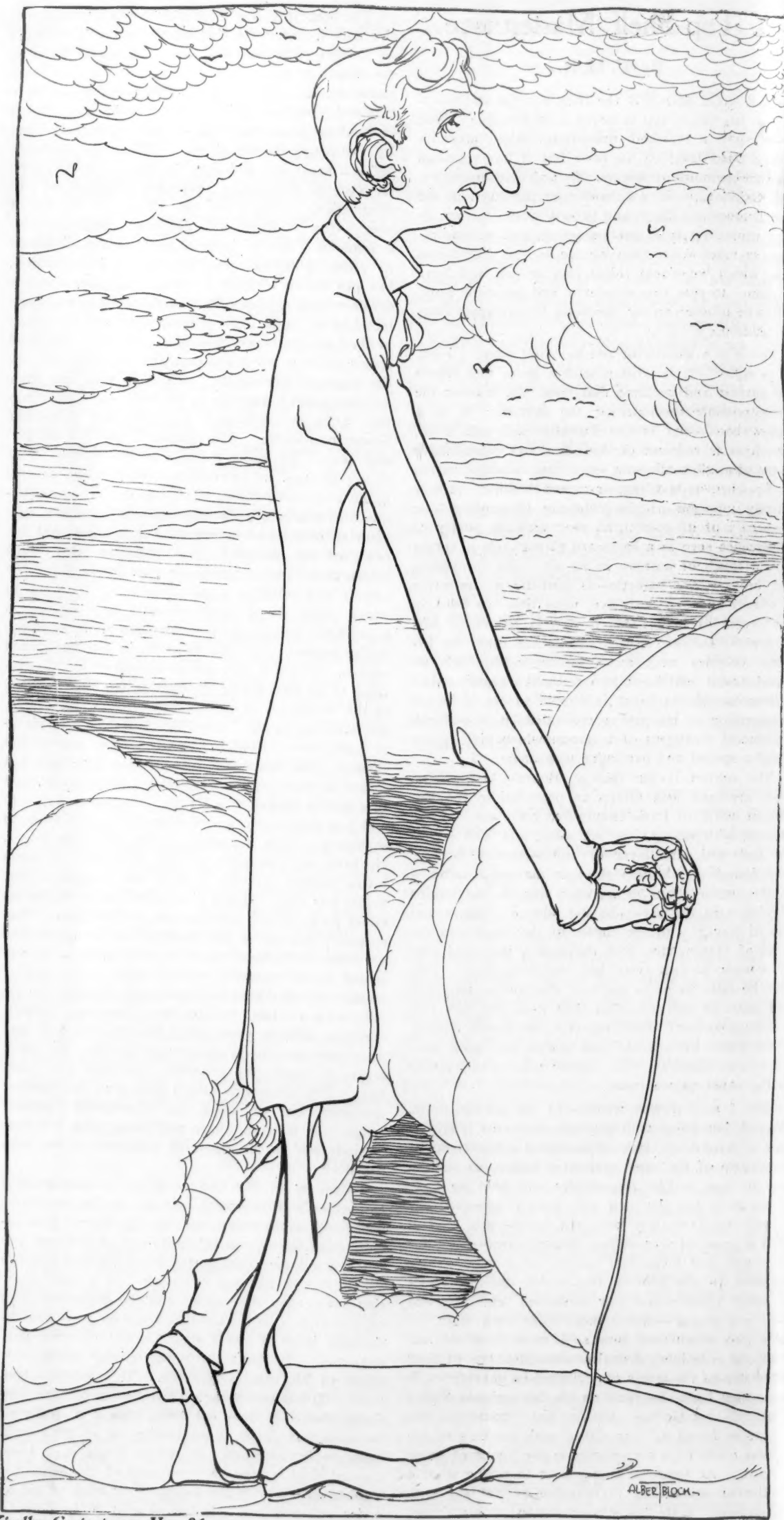
The experiment was begun in a small way, with a small kiln and a long line of failures. Now the entire area-way between the sculptor's residence and his work shop is roofed over, and several large kilns are in operation. The studio is full of charming vases, figures, fern dishes and tiles in a pottery-creation by comparison with which Rookwood looks tawdry and cheap.

There is no pottery on the market to-day that compares with it for real charm of color, except that of the Gruby kilns, and Gruby is all alike. Ozark pottery—that's what Bringhurst calls his ware,—is almost infinite in form and color, and the two and three-color pieces are the product of the most difficult of all methods of decoration, not underglaze nor overglaze, but that which embodies the color and the design in the glaze itself.

In his pottery, the sculptor reveals the feminine quality of his art more fully than in the most rhythmic of his marble or bronze groups. The shapes are Greek, Japanese or some modification of *l'art nouveau*, but they are all Bringhurst, exquisitely refined and teeming with sentiment.

But if anyone thinks the real Bringhurst is "lady-like," let him go out and inspect the Ozark kilns, great brick affairs erected by the sculptor-potter's own hands. Yes; our "sole St. Louis plastic artist" is very much of an artisan when it comes to laying brick, fitting steam pipes, flourishing a trowel and manipulating a spade.

Then he has another trade out of which he might have made a decent living if both sculpture and pottery had failed him. He has built some of the best and swiftest launches on the Mississippi, and lucky is the St. Louisian who is asked to take a spin up the river to the Bringhurst summer home at Piasa Bluffs. But to the credit of St. Louis be it said, "art hath sufficed for him and his daily need."



Kindly Caricatures No. 81.

ROBERT BRINGHURST



# An Elastic Tax System For Missouri

By Lawson Purdy

(An address delivered before the Commercial Club, St. Louis, October 20th, 1906.)

## *The General Property Tax*

**M**EN with the practical knowledge of the workings of the general property tax condemn it unreservedly. The problem now is how to get rid of it. The constitution of Missouri binds the State to the practice of a discredited theory. Many, however, who see that the general property tax is impracticable, unequal and unjust and oppose it on practical grounds, fail to condemn the theory on which it is based, and sometimes give assent to the justice of the theory. In this form the argument lacks the moral force to appeal to the mass of men who happily are more moved by moral than material issues.

The theory of the general property tax is far worse than the practice, for the practice is always tempered by the steadfast opposition of the inherent nature of men and things, and by mercy, ignorance and perjury. The theory seems to be that "Taxation should be equal and must be equally imposed on all property." This theory is not so old as the system it attempts to justify. Apparently it has been evolved from Adam Smith's statement that everyone should contribute to the State in proportion to the benefit he receives. Unfortunately he failed to lay down any just measure of benefits, and said that ability to pay taxes is the easiest ascertainable measure. Someone in this country conceived the idea that the aggregate value of a man's possession measures his ability to pay, hence all property must be taxed equally.

A very brief examination of the attempt to tax all property equally will prove that it does not conform in the least to either of the canons of Adam Smith, namely, that taxes should be in proportion to benefits received or ability to pay. The equal taxation theory presupposes a community so isolated that population and capital shall be immovable, conditions which never did and never can exist. In fact, men can move about and take their capital with them and can send it away to be used elsewhere for their benefit. Under these actual and natural conditions taxes on some kinds of property are paid by the owner, on others by the user, and in other cases the market value of the property is so decreased that the tax is no burden to the present owner. So long as the tax rate does not increase, the amount of the rate is immaterial to the purchaser of improved real estate, because the tax reduces the purchase price. The purchaser buys a net income of 5 per cent or more, and, conditions remaining the same, gets what he paid for. Another man buys 5 per cent bonds at par, the price being fixed by world markets. The tax is two per cent and his net income only 3 per cent. The same principle applies to the tax on the stock of foreign corporations. Capital invested in manufacturing or stock raising in competition with untaxed capital yields a poor return. The tax on machinery, goods and credits, or on live stock, cuts down the profits. Capital invested in retailing goods with which there is no outside competition, can make an average profit by adding the tax to the price of the goods.

The shifting and incidence of taxation are controlled by immutable natural law, which the equal taxation theory entirely ignores. The more perfectly the theory is applied the more unjust is the result. The Supreme Court of the United States has taken judicial notice of the injustice in taxing everything alike, saying: "This court has repeatedly laid down the doctrine that diversity of taxation, both with respect to the amount imposed and the various species of property selected either for bearing its burdens or for being exempt from them, is not inconsistent with a perfect uniformity and equality of taxation in the proper sense of those terms; and that a system which imposes the same tax upon every species of property, irrespective of its nature, condition, or class, will be

destructive of the principle of uniformity and equality in taxation and of a just administration of property to its burdens." (Pacific Express Co. v. Seibert, 142 U. S. 451.)

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## *The Taxation of Intangible Property.*

No one is willing to uphold a tax avowedly unjust or unequally imposed upon property of any particular class. Those only who have not given careful thought to the incidence of the tax, approve a tax on intangible personal property. When a State attempts to tax intangible personal property one of two results is inevitable. If the tax is equally imposed, without any exemption, on all evidences of debt of a class over which the State can exercise jurisdiction as to the entire class, the rate of interest is increased by the amount of the tax and the burden of the tax falls upon the debtors, a result neither anticipated nor desired, and essentially unjust. The mortgage tax law of California and the tax on corporate bonds in Pennsylvania are illustrations. If the tax is imposed on evidences of debt or open accounts, the value of which is determined by conditions outside the State jurisdiction, or on which from the nature of the case the tax cannot be imposed with absolute certainty, the tax cannot be shifted by the lender, and conditions arise under which more than half the income may be confiscated—a result which must be revolting to any enlightened sense of justice. Illustrations of this second class of cases are so common in every State cursed by the general property tax that all are familiar with them.

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## *The Farmers' Interest*

It is often assumed that the taxation of personal property under the general property tax is in the interest of the farmer. So far as intangible property is concerned the tax is theoretically indefensible, and the practical results show that the farmer has nothing to gain from such taxation. It is frequently stated that the farmer's property chiefly consists of land, and that improvements on land and movable property form a smaller proportion of his property than of the property situated in cities. This assertion is contrary to common observation of social growth, and to the facts disclosed by assessment rolls.

When a country is first settled land has no value. The property of the first settlers consists of such movable things as they bring with them. The next property to appear consists of improvements made upon the land, such as houses, barns, fences, and the improvement of the land for cultivation. Such communities still exist, and the value of their land is a small part of their aggregate property. As the density of population increases, the value of land relatively increases, until we reach the condition of the City of New York, where in the sections in which land is most valuable improvements are not worth more than half as much as the land. There is one residence section of New York, less than three square miles in area, in which the land value alone, exclusive of the buildings, exceeds in value the assessed value of all the real estate, buildings included, in the whole State of Kentucky. In two other sections in the business district, which does not include the financial centre, the value of the land alone exceeds the entire real estate assessment of the State of Missouri. These two sections are less than six square miles in area. The assessed value of the land exclusive of improvements is \$919,000,000, and the real estate assessment is \$1,291,000,000.

The value of movable personal property bears some relation to the value of buildings, and it is obvious that as land grows more valuable the movable property on it is worth less in proportion. These deductions are all emphasized by the assessment rolls of

States which have the general property tax. In Ohio, Illinois, Kentucky and Missouri, personal property is a larger share of the property taxed in the country than in the cities. The Missouri assessment rolls for 1903, the latest I could obtain, confirm this statement. There are only four large cities in the State, and the effect of the personal property taxation is shown by a comparison between the city-counties and the remainder of the State, and between the city of St. Louis and one of the rural counties. In the four city-counties personal property amounts to less than 20 per cent of the total assessed value of real and personal property, while in the remainder of the State it amounts to 29 per cent. In St. Louis personal property amounts to 20 per cent and in the rural county of Camden it amounts to 35 per cent of the total. Camden county is an exceedingly good illustration of the way the taxation of personal property affects the farmers. The assessed value of the property in the county is \$2,003,040. Of this amount 35 per cent is personal property, and two-thirds of this personal property by value consists of live stock; that is, over one-fifth of the entire taxable value of Camden county is live stock. Under a severe listing system it is absolutely impossible for farmers to avoid paying taxes on their live stock, and the result is that farmers, as a class, pay vastly more in taxes than they ought to pay. The effect of this upon the cities is indirect, but none the less extremely harmful. The farming industry is discouraged, and country boys are driven to the cities, where their competition reduces the wages of those who are city born.

Such being the facts it should be easy to convince the rural population that they have everything to gain and nothing to lose by new methods of raising State revenue—new methods which cannot be put in force without the amendment of the Missouri constitution.

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## *A Practical Programme*

While the primary object must be to amend the constitution, it may be desirable and even necessary to present a practical plan for action after constitutional restraints are removed.

Many years ago it was recognized by students that the revenue system of the State and local governing bodies must in some way be divorced. The arguments for the change were so compelling that the attempt has been made in many States, and in a few has already succeeded. At the beginning of this movement there seemed to be only one way to accomplish the result, and that was by providing revenue for the State by special taxes on selected subjects of taxation and levying these taxes at unvarying rates. The serious objections to this plan were foreseen by few, but they are especially forced upon our attention by the experience of New York.

For over twenty years the State of New York has been attempting to separate the sources of State and local revenue, and up to twelve years ago had not progressed very far. In 1894 the State still relied mainly for its revenue upon the general property tax, that is, upon the tax laid upon real and personal property as assessed by local officials, the tax being levied by local officials and collected by them, and the proportion required by the State being turned over to the State by the county treasurers. In this manner the State raised about \$9,000,000 in that year, and the revenue from special taxes levied for its own benefit only amounted to about \$4,000,000, the total revenue of the State being approximately \$13,000,000. This year the State's revenue will be about \$27,000,000, all of it derived from special taxes, there being no tax for State purposes included in the general property tax.

In the struggle to obtain exclusive revenue for the State great changes have been made, many of them far from desirable. The taxes for State purposes upon various corporations have been increased since 1894 from \$2,000,000 to \$7,000,000. A liquor license law has been enacted, which has increased the revenue from this source, and half of it has been given to the



State; the State's half now amounts to over \$9,000,000. By changes in the Inheritance Tax and through the increase in wealth and population, the receipts from this tax have been increased from \$2,000,000 to nearly \$5,000,000; last year it was over \$5,000,000. In 1905 a tax was imposed on sales of stock which yielded over \$6,000,000.

The activities of the State have been enlarged, and in twelve years its revenue has more than doubled. The inevitable tendency when taxes are laid at unvarying rates is to spend all the proceeds, and when more money is needed to seek out some new source of revenue. There is thus little check to extravagance, and subjects of taxation are selected and methods of taxation devised which are undesirable and hurtful to the prosperity of the State. In spite of all this, however, the end was a desirable one, and it is only the means which are open to criticism.

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#### *A Fair Method of Raising State Revenue*

Six years ago the New York Tax Reform Association devised a plan for raising State revenue which at the same time would obviate the necessity for levying a State tax on all property as assessed by local officials, or of imposing any more special taxes on selected subjects. By this plan so much revenue as the State should require in excess of the revenue produced by the special taxes then in force would be apportioned to the several counties of the State in proportion to the revenue raised by each county and by all the taxing districts within it. Then the counties were to be left free to raise that amount of State revenue under the general laws of the State by taxing only such subjects as they should select. After a consideration of the matter for six months, the Committee on Taxation of the New York Chamber of Commerce unanimously reported in favor of this plan, and the report was unanimously approved by the Chamber. In their report the committee pointed out that the tendency of the legislature to derive revenue from special taxes for State purposes, and to rely on this revenue exclusively, would take away from taxpayers that interest in State expenditure and State taxation which is present when taxation is direct; that it would tend to promote extravagance; that it would throw the burden of State expenditures upon the urban political divisions; that it would deprive the political divisions of the State of subjects of taxation. It was also shown at that time that the various business interests of the State would always be in danger of being singled out as subjects for special taxation for the increasing needs of the State.

The plan of apportionment endorsed by the Chamber of Commerce was not adopted, and all these prophecies have been fulfilled.

Professor Edwin R. A. Seligman of Columbia University, who is regarded as the leading authority on taxation in the United States and who for many years has advocated the divorce of State from local taxation and the raising of a large part of the revenue for State purposes by special taxes, wrote a review of recent tax legislation in New York for the *Review of Reviews* of July, 1905. After pointing out that a system of State revenue which depended exclusively on special taxes is inelastic and objectionable from other points of view, he said:

"This is an unfortunate state of affairs, and will, if persisted in, lead to ultimate disaster. Every modern system of taxation must possess the element of elasticity. There is one scheme that has been suggested by the New York Tax Reform Association in New York and Ohio, and which has been put in partial operation in the State of Oregon, which would bring about this result. This is a method of apportioning the State tax and granting local option in determining the subjects of local taxation. It rests upon the idea that the necessary revenues may be derived by making each locality contribute to the State revenues in proportion to its own expenditures. The scheme possesses four advantages: First, it would provide elasticity, as did the old system; second, it would tend to keep down State expenditures, because each locality would be interested in the control of State finance—an interest which is now fast being

lost; third, it would tend to keep down local expenditures; and fourth, it would enable each locality to raise its revenues in any way that seemed best to it, and would put a stop to the conflicts between country and city. If the rural districts desired to maintain the personal property tax, they could do so; if the large cities desired to substitute something else, they would be equally free to follow their bent."

The Local Option or Home Rule bill proposed by the New York Tax Reform Association was carefully drafted to avoid conflicting laws. It provided simply that the appropriate authorities of any county might exempt from taxation any class of property. It did not permit the separate counties to make any new law for the taxation of any property; all they could do was to remove a class of property from the taxing power.

Anyone familiar with the actual practice of assessors in any State could readily foresee what would happen if such power of exemption were granted to local homogeneous communities, for in every State to-day such local option is to a large extent exercised in fact, without the sanction of law. Instances of this will probably occur to everyone. I knew of a case in the State of New York where the assessors by a formal vote resolved not to assess any personal property at all. In some rural counties live stock is never assessed. I was told the other day that in Chicago there is practically no attempt to assess the shares of stock of foreign corporations in the hands of individual holders. The outrage of such an assessment is recognized and the law deliberately nullified. Doubtless such practice is common in the State

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of Missouri. With legal local option there would soon be legal exemption of classes of property which to-day are seldom assessed, and gradually all intangible property would be exempted and such other exemptions of movable property would be made as experience should demonstrate would be for the welfare of the community.

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#### *Constitutional Amendment*

The constitutions of most of the Eastern States, which were made early in the history of the country, are what constitutions ought to be—declarations of general principles with no specific provisions for carrying out those principles. The constitutions of New York and Connecticut are silent as to taxation. The constitutions of New Jersey and Pennsylvania impose but slight restraints. That of Pennsylvania provides for classification, and Pennsylvania alone of all the States has never had a general property tax. These States have been able to change, improve and adjust their tax systems to modern conditions, and in many respects are far in advance of States like Missouri and Ohio which are tied by constitutional restraints.

Fear is sometimes expressed that the abolition of restraint upon the legislature may result in bad legislation. There seems to be little ground for such a fear, for no worse system of taxation can be devised than that now in force where the constitution requires the equal taxation of all property. The constitution of the United States gives all the protection a constitution can well afford.



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The amendment of a constitution is, however, a political and practical as well as a theoretical proposition. Such an amendment should be proposed in Missouri as the people with their present knowledge are likely to ratify. However that amendment may be framed, whether present restraints are stricken out or new powers are inserted, there are two essentials. First, that the State may be able to obtain its revenue without relying upon a tax levied on all property as assessed by local officials; second, that some measure of Home Rule shall be granted to the counties of the State.

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### *The Experience of Eastern States*

Some of the Eastern States are fortunate in having escaped from the constitution mania. New York, Connecticut, New Jersey and Pennsylvania, in spite of many and gross defects in their taxing system, are every one of them vastly better off than the State of Missouri. In New York debts may be deducted from the aggregate value of personal property. This makes the personal property tax a far more elastic system than when debts can only be deducted from credits, or when they cannot be deducted at all. By a law enacted this year all new mortgages are exempt from taxation entirely after paying an initial tax of one-half of one per cent at the time of record. Banks and trust companies are assessed at their book value so that the assessment is uniform. The tax is also uniform, being at the rate of one per cent throughout the State.

In Connecticut debts secured by mortgage of real estate are exempt from taxation. Railroads and street railways are taxed one per cent on their gross value, ascertained by a comparatively simple mathematical rule. New Jersey has much to learn, and is going through the throes of a tax agitation, but for many years debts secured by a mortgage of real or personal property have been exempt from taxation.

In Pennsylvania mortgages and all credits are taxable only at the rate of four mills, and the personal

property employed in manufacturing is entirely exempt from taxation. Taxes are not imposed on merchandise of any kind directly, but instead there are mercantile license taxes graded in proportion to the sales, at moderate rates. Banks are uniformly assessed in a similar manner to those of New York, and the extraordinary growth and prosperity of Pennsylvania bears witness to the wisdom of the tax system which they have always enjoyed.

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### *Missouri's Opportunity*

You are all so well aware of the evils of the Missouri tax law and the injustice and demoralization of it, that it is unnecessary to dwell upon the details. Missouri cannot grow as fast as it ought to grow in either wealth or morals until the constitution is amended. With appropriate changes in the constitution all that is best in the tax laws of the world are open to Missouri. Surrounded as she is by States that are tied fast by constitutional restraints, if she first gets free she will far outstrip her neighbors and will do them at the same time an everlasting service in showing them the way to be rich, prosperous and happy.

♦♦♦

## A Sin

By Norman Gale

I MET a woman in the street  
The angry wind seemed blowing through;  
I halted, for the way she trod  
Reminded me of you.

She turned and spake in tones that matched  
Her soft, tear-clouded eyes of blue;  
I gave her bread because her voice  
Reminded me of you.

But as I went upon my road  
The sin flashed full upon my view—  
In that I only gave to God  
In memory of you!

## About the Dreamers

By Ernest McGaffey

I READ with considerable amusement a modern love-story in a current magazine. The hero, a college graduate, who was worth all kinds of money, having tired of the noble occupation of coining dollars, which his family had practiced for generations, rushes into poetry. Being a college graduate, he naturally writes the most exquisite lyrics imaginable. He falls in love with a rare beauty, and writes poetry to her that nearly causes her to have a fit and sit in it.

But alas for the Muse. The hero's father, who appears as a pathetic figure, worn and wrinkled as Russell Sage in his pursuit of the bounding coin of the realm, asks the hero in imploring tones to please attend a director's meeting. (Possibly to high finance some new scheme to squeeze suckers), and the hero petulantly refuses. He sits up that night and writes a perfectly lovely poem (such as only a college graduate could evolve) and slips it into a venerable oak for his lady fair to find. A very venerable idea, by the way—I wonder if another college graduate didn't write the story?

She gets the poem and reads it, and it thrills her, of course. But she turns him down, in her mind, because he did not go to the directors' meeting. "He doesn't ring true," she says to herself. Wise girl. What are dreams to dividends? Lyrics to lucre? Sonnets to shares, or poems to profits? That is, of course, so far as the present is concerned. It seems laughable to think of how Time evens things up for the dreamers. They have to "stand the gaff" in their own generation (most of them), but after they are tucked away under the sod, with a nice cool earthly coverlid smoothed over them, then comes their innings.



And the beauty of it is that nothing but the dreamer's dreams survive the march of time. Let the warriors slay and conquer as they will; let the different creeds and gods go up and down like stocks on a troubled market, let the million-headed merchantry barter and sell until they are black in the face, and what does it amount to? Let the lawyers and orators mouth and orate, the actors gesticulate and tear a passion to tatters, and what of it?

Why, not only nations, but generations of nations have been merely the compost, the kitchen-maiden, on which has rested some ancient poem, some antique bronze. Keats wrote "A thing of beauty is a joy forever," and he uttered only a half-truth when he said it. But he explained what he really meant when he wrote the "Ode to a Grecian Urn." For that beauty only is joy forever which the dreamer has made concrete by the fire of his genius, and sent down through all generations, as the survival of the fittest, the immortality which rests in the poet's line or the sculptor's chisel.

Doubtless "old" Homer, and "that chap" Phidias had many a sneer flung at them by the envious and the commonplace minds while they were dreaming their dreams, but doubtless, also, the high gods laughed silently at such folly of the lower order of minds. The dreamers are well aware of this obliquity of vision on the part of those with whom they mingle, and the elect among them know, none better, how unmaterial the mere passing pageant of worldly being is. Many of them have recorded their convictions as to this in lines that endure.

*"Not marble, nor the gilded monuments  
Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rhyme."*

This was Mr. William Shakespeare's assertion concerning some of his "stuff," and he seems to have "made good." A certain Mr. Jonson (no relation to "Mr. Johnson turn me loose") and a rare dreamer himself, was so struck with his friend Shakespeare's achievements that he aptly remarked of him, Shakespeare, "He was not of an age, but for all time." Subsequent events justify the almost universal impression that Mr. Jonson's diagnosis was correct.

"World-shakers and world-forsakers," a good many of the dreamers have been, and never a rare dreamer but was gifted with a solid foundation of common-sense. For look at the insubstantiality of things! The mystery we cannot pierce, the veil whose impenetrable folds no man has ever lifted. And so shall dreams lighten and soften the stern realities of life, if a man were wise enough to see it.

Nature, herself, is the eternal dreamer. Such dreams of shifting seasons, such endless change without change. You shall never see two sunsets alike; nor hear the winds blow again as they have blown. The dreams of never so many conquerors are the sport of her tawny-folding sands. In the tides of her seven seas lie the dreams and deeds of stranded centuries. Galley and Armada have melted there, but some day a bronze of antiquity is fished from the depths and the dream of a dreamer, himself not so much as the shadow of a dream, emerges into the light, to be the marvel and the delight of generations to come.

What master-dreamer conceived and set the stars in their orbits, the worlds in their swinging pulsations, and fashioned the sea and land? Is it not too stupendous to imagine? And idle to attempt to fathom! But the master-minstrels, they whose message has risen clear and fragrant as the first winds of dawn, these seem almost as co-extant with creation itself.

And the verse-fragments of a Sappho, the Iliad of a Homer shall rise from mists whose age is white with the snows of faded cycles.

We are all dreamers, but some of us are lost in sordid dreams. There is nothing more biting than the spectacle of a modern business man, madly intent on the elusive dollar, and somewhat itching as to what Mephistopheles might call "society,"

in his waking, strenuous dream, wherein he pursues the will-o'-the-wisp of his imagination. The fitting envoy is his decease, where a hired preacher dispenses set terms of praise, a hired undertaker assumes a paid-for solemnity, and a purchased quartette sings "Lead, Kindly Light."

The saints (if such there be outside of woman-kind) save us from this kind of an end. Rather the Potter's Field, with some recollection of a song well sung, a glass deep drained and a woman well-beloved.

To write a poem, to carve a statue, to compose an opera, to paint a picture, to give to the world a great book,—each of these, if done by the hand of genius, shall outlast all the grubbing moles of practicality that ever nuzzled under ground.

The world is well enough with its practical achievements, at that. Let the bridges be built, the fields be tilled, the harvests reaped, the thousand and one ramifications of commerce be given their proper place,

let there be marriage and giving in marriage, begetting of children, and laying up of gold. Let people eat, sleep, and put on clothes.

But when we sit down in cold blood to measure up what is going to endure, what is to be when the years have passed away, we reckon without our host if we reckon without the dreamers.

*Prince! 'tis the law; as fixed by Fate  
And approved by Time; all else is vain;  
Oblivion yawns for the strong and great  
But the deeds of the dreamer still remain.*

MAYOR WELLS' free bridge energy, like his pal, Dave Francis' fifty "thou" gift to the Public Museum, has a string to it.

It is beyond all doubt that the result of Tuesday's election in St. Louis was due to the efficacy of Judge Bishop's prayers, even though the orisons seem to have had the "reverse English." Judge Bishop should quit praying with his fingers crossed.



## To Every Lover of Good Clothes

**WE** make the bold assertion that in no other St. Louis shop will you find represented so many of the world's most famous makes of exclusively high-class apparel for men.

We have been life-long students of clothes-craft and have unerringly selected none but the finest known to exist, with the utmost of hand workmanship in each garment that the price permits.

All interlining and stay work is rigidly inspected in order that we may guarantee continued shapeliness until the garments are worn out. Beginning with splendid clothes at

**\$15.00**

for the absolute correctness and good service of which we pledge ourselves, and ending with the finest ready-tailored apparel possible to create, at Fifty Dollars.

**Werner Bros.**

THE REPUBLIC BUILDING,  
ON OLIVE STREET, AT SEVENTH.



## Nugent's

Say, we must be in style if it does take our breath away. Figures don't lie. If you wish to cut a figure you must have a figure. If you wish to amount to any thing you must get your self together right, must you not? Sunbonnet Babies.



**B. Nugent & Bro. Dry Goods Co.,**

Broadway, Washington Ave.  
and St. Charles Street.

No matter how well made or how stylishly made the dress may be—how costly the material—how elaborate the trimmings, if the proper form fitting corset is lacking, your own and your dress-maker's planning have gone for naught.

Our corset department is one of the most important branches of this great institution—we make it so. In charge of corset experts who give the patron the benefit of their knowledge and experience in corset fitting.

All the accepted best makes are here—only the reliable ones—and at prices below ordinary.

Cordially.

### Blue Jay's Chatter

My Dear Jane:

MRS. GEORGE WARREN BROWN has the center of the stage this week, though she must divide the spotlight with Grace Kelley. The said Grace Kelley is a lady's maid. Or was, until she became Mrs. Brown's social secretary. There are mighty few women in St. Louis, lemme tell you, who have social secretaries. Mrs. William McMillan has one, and Mrs. D. R. Francis and maybe one or two more, but not more than four, I'll be bound. The Kelley girl has brought suit against Mrs. Brown for \$8,000 damages, because, as she avers, Mrs. Brown—Mrs. Betty Brown, so the bill reads—got in a rage and beat her, the social secretary, over the head and face and breast in such a way as to produce hemorrhages. She says she has been in the hospital most of the time since the beating about a year or thirteen months ago. Just what the two quarreled about hasn't been made public as yet, but I guess it will all come out in the trial. Portland place—where the Browns live—and where the beating was administered—is all excited about it. Portland place is inclined to back up Mrs. Brown, too, for the reason that recently help have become so unbearably insolent and impudent that there's nothing to do with them but to beat them. All the "shoecracy" of the city is worked up over the matter, too, and is just a little glad because it brings the "shoecrats" to the front, where they've been trying to get for some time. Alanson Brown, you know, had his life written not long ago in a way to invite the amused attention of the world. Jackson Johnson got arrested on a street car for using bad language. John C. Roberts gets in the papers by making big "wash" bets on elections. Then there was the Tennent defalcation and failure. So you see the leather people are right in it as subjects of general public gossip. Mrs. Betty

Brown, however, as a creator of social sensation has topped them all. Mother was complaining this morning about the surliness of our cook—Susie. Father stood it for a while and said, "Mother, why not be in the swell fashion. Go and do like Mrs. Brown did. Step out in the kitchen and kick in Susie's slats and I'll stand by you. It is time for us to rise against our oppressors." But Mother, of course, doesn't believe that Mrs. Brown put the kibosh on Miss Grace Kelley, because Mrs. Brown looks so calm and mild and even saintlike in her pew at church on Sunday. But indeed, my Jane, very many of our swellest matrons have no end of temper and if the stories of some of the migratory help in this town are to be trusted some of these matrons can swear and slug in a way that would make them efficient at the polls in Senator Kinney's ward. Father says that he hopes great ladies will continue to slug their help, and that they won't undertake to thrash their husbands. Father's getting to be a real cynic, and fit for any old sinecure. Of course, though, Miss Grace Kelley's charge may be nothing in the world but malice and an attempt to shake some shoe money out of Mr. Brown. The lower classes are becoming very predatory—I believe that's the term.

We're all so sorry for Mrs. Stuyve Fish—or "Mame" as Harry Lehr calls her—since we met her here at the World's Fair, when she roasted New York society in an interview and then forgot she said it. Her husband has been rolled from the Presidency of the Illinois Central railroad by the wicked Mr. Harman, with the aid of a treacherous Mr. Harahan, who owes all he has or is to "Mame's" husband. When Father read the news this morning he said "Damn!" right out, three times. "Why, Father!" said Mother. "Oh, well," he answered, "it's a shame that the one honest railroad man in the top class has been dumped by the pirates. That's what Fish was—honest. That's all there was against him. And now he's dumped."



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And then Father said "Damn" again. It seems that the trouble for Mr. Fish began with that interview of his wife's. At least so they say. I'm sure, Jane, I don't know about these things, but it seems to me that these big business men are getting crookeder all the time and that there's no such thing as honor or loyalty among them, when the directors of a road, at the dictation of a boss deliberately throw down the man who made them and put his protege in his place.

How I do wish you had been here last Saturday.



with your keen sense of humor concealed somewhere about your person. You would have had a rich and racy treat. That annual gabfest known as a Darrach recital was the *casus belli*, holding forth as usual at the Woman's Club. I do wish that I had the eloquence of a er—er—Frederick Lehmann or a Harry Hawes or a Demosthenes or most anybody celebrated in song, in order to put into fitting phrase the glory and gorgeousness of that morning. It was sublime, Jane, that's what it was. This Darrach demonstration has been perpetrated on our sassiety women about four years come this Whitsuntide, as the story books say. Said Darrach is the loveliest buttered bun you ever heard tell on—large and lumptious, mellow-voiced and white-waist-coated, surrounded with mystery—half the women think he's married and the other half are dying to meet him and swear he isn't—awful good press agent work somewhere—but, my dearest lambie pam, what would you have? We're suffocated with *ennui* in this town. We have good clothes, the best that Paul Brown's money, and 'tis right good money, and Julius Walsh's clipped coupons—and they're all right, too, and a whole lot more—can fetch—and if we've no place to show 'em, no wierd to dree—that doesn't sound quite right, somehow, but you won't know any better, ducky—we'll have to do the best we can and let Darrach do his durndest. This isn't New York Town and we have precious few ways of spending all the money accumulated by our anxious and life-saving fathers, and when a good thing like Darrach comes along with a still better thing in the way of a *table d'hôte* feast one hour and thirty minutes later, why, what 't'ell? Honest Injun, Jane, 'twas the funniest ever. Every swell woman in the West End, the Sout' Side, and the Nort' Shore showed up clad, my land sakes, clad as never she was clad before—what in tarnation thunder ails Mrs. Dave Calhoun's outside garments this year, anyhow? Mebbe we're behind the times, but, Jane, that long trailed red thing she wore on the morning of which I am bespeaking, with a mantillette, I think that must be the word—and a long-tailed hat—she was the eccentric person all right—and the lace veils—Mrs. Jule Walsh, senior—looking as young as the blush of morn, covered her really beautiful face with a spotted horror, brown in color and bilious in hue, that trailed down behind like a sea dolphin's mourning weeds—the spots were round and they couldn't quite obscure Mrs. Walsh's good looks tho' they done exceedingly well—and Mrs. Billy Kavanaugh was another veiled Damascus beauty—her arabesque horror yclept a veil, would stop every cathedral clock in town, if 'twere brought in close proximity—and Mrs. Whittemore, Marie Calhoun's mother, wore another of the same stripe—I should say embroidery—it disguised, while it completely disfigured—young Mrs. Charlie Capen was a refreshing sort of salad—she wore something—it doesn't matter what—nice girl, hear she has imported an English nurse for the Capen Twins and that the twins are learning to drop their H's.

Irene Catlin was "among those present," wearing her usual splendid complexion, and a stunning black hat—I hear Irene is going in heavily for politics, which makes me think she surely must be engaged to some Englishman—and may his name be called "Nathan the Wise"—anyhow, her brother—or one of them—is getting noticed in the papers for his political speeches and Irene is backing him against a fierce fambly opinion—all of which I consider noble and self-sacrificing and sisterly—Mrs. Charlie Roberts—oh no, dearest, not the bride, but the mother-in-law, showed up good and proper—she is the cutest little sparrow in the willow tree—and you better believe she wanted to have people know she was there—such an uprising and a fluttering and then some, I never saw before. Mrs. Eugene Tittmann had an awful time getting a good seat with "brother," who must be a son or something like that—Mrs. Eugene is the biggest kindergarten crank in town—and "brother" is a splendid product—wish I could get "brother" out in our back lot for about fifteen minutes—humph! Adele Hart

was there—very subdued in black with a touch of appropriate gold in her hat—rully the skill exhibited by the real rich sometimes fills my esthetic soul with effervescence—the black denotes mourning for her brother's misdemeanors—he is near State's prison or something, dear, while the gold shows that the Hart money can still buy things—Jane, ain't I the nasty and sarcastic party, though?

The Brookmire—Harry Wallace Kennard outfit was betwixt those who showed up—they all get gowns from the same dressmaker, and I'll soon be forced to tie a mental blue string to Mary and a pink ribbon to Annie. Mrs. Henry Bond is acquiring the figured veil habit fast—you couldn't distinguish her features, Jane, that morning—and Irene Bond looked like the usual sweet peach that she is—but say, darling, if I ever in the past made a silly and sarcastic reference to Mrs. Westmoreland's lorgnette, may I be forgiven—it ain't

in it with the new spyglass that Julia Rumsey is sporting. Talk about your blase dowagers—Julia is the whole jewsharp. You should have seen her squinting at Darrach through the spyglass aforementioned, accompanied by an immaculate set of ermine furs and a placid expression. Mrs. George S. McGrew and Myrtle floated in attired in garments to correspond, and looking like sisters "once removed," as Jack Karslake would probably say—ain't that "New York Idea" the cutest thing, though, and don't it hit St. Louis divorcees hard and fast? I do wonder what Mrs. Boyce—first name forgotten—would say if she had chanced to sit behind Roger Scudder and the Pretty Brunette the other night at the play? The divorce question in this town is getting pretty near as bad as in New York, isn't it?

Caroline Lackland was the perfect peach all right.

## Scruggs-Vandervoort-Barney

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### The Beautiful New Coats Each Coat Shown Is a Distinctive Style

**EXCLUSIVE, too!** Do you know that every one of those new Coats is handled separately, and its style and individuality studied as a man or woman is studied? When selection is made, it is "one Coat at a time," therefore nothing undesirable or commonplace can creep in. The Coats described below see the light of day in St. Louis for the first time this week.

The new three-quarter and 50-inch length Coats, made of cheviot, serge, broadcloth and Kersey, loose, semi and tight fitting, plain tailor-made and fancy trimmed, suitable for street, afternoon and evening; prices from .....\$22.50 to \$75.00

24-inch Reefer and the half-length Coat, made of chevots, broadcloths, Kerseys and storm serges, semi-loose and half fitting, handsomely tailored and silk lined; price .....\$16.00 to \$37.50

50-inch Coat, made of black cheviot, semi-fitted back, loose double-breasted front, two rows tailor buttons, new sleeve, coat collar, reverses faced with Peau de Sole; price .....\$22.50

50-inch Coat of black broadcloth, loose back and front, collar and yoke effect, handsomely trimmed with black velvet and fancy braid, tailored stitched bands, silk lined; price .....\$55.00

Three-quarter Coat of black broadcloth, loose back and front, trimmed with tailor bands, collarless effect, collar and cuffs trimmed with black velvet and narrow silk braid, white satin lined .....\$62.50

#### New Rain-coats

Rain Coat of cravenette in colors—tan, olive and oxford mixtures, made plaited back, loose front with belt, trimmed with tailored bands and buttons, new shawl collar, sleeve with cuff; price .....\$20.00

Rain Coat of English covert in tan, oxford and olive green, made plaited back, loose fly front, new plaited sleeve, trimmed with metal buttons; price .....\$27.50

### Reception and Street Gowns More Elegance: This Time Velvet

**JUST** opened. A fine showing of Chiffon and Paon Velvet Gowns, designed after the latest Paris models. Indeed, they are exact duplicates. Of course, being copies, they are more reasonably priced than the original Gown would be, and—who can tell they're not originals?

The coats are in long and short style, and the colors are Brown, Green, Black, Garnet and Red. Prices, \$90.00 to \$150.00.



Never saw her look so well—kind of slim and straight and altogether on the stylish—Louise Simpkins, the oldest one—had an awful short skirt accumulated about her slender proportions—Louise ought to know that this is a real big town and not the North Shore of Massachusetts Bay where the natives don't dare say what they think—I may remark incidentally that Louise's ankles are above reproach and above the average to slimmness and decorum, but that very short tailor gray skirt ought to let itself down about four inches so there will be no longer comment along the highway. Something doing in the Charlie Scudder menage—see that Elise is beginning to affect long and loose black silk coats. Ellen Walsh Maffitt is the nicest girl—she looks as plump as a partridge this fall—and, my dear, it was too funny—the way some women accept a programme from the polite girl ushers. I saw one perfectly portly lady in blue with a white fuzzy boa take a programme from the delicate dimpled hand of Nellie Wickham, as if she was the Queen Regent—and Nellie was the underling—it was simply excruciatingly funny, for you know Nellie is the most stunning girl in town, and mebbe she didn't look more so that day in a black velvet train.

Jane, let me whisper this in your shell pink—I'll bet a copper cent that Julius Walsh—er—er—breathes heavily through his olfactories during moments of repose—to speak more plainly, Julius snores—at least that's the impression I gathered when Darrach resonated the words—"there's music in thy snores," and Mrs. Julius, senior, turned clear round in her chair and gave Ellen a most significant look.

Say, Jane, but Ethel Barrymore had her nerve with her last week when she up and roasted us to a turn on putting our hats where they belong before the curtain goes down. Never saw a star exhibit so much spleen and it is quite deserved. I don't go often to matinees, except when Louise Espenschied asks me, but at the evening performances, the hurry-up that attacks the audience about half way in the last act is enough to drive any sane person out to St. Vincent's. We are the ill-bred West, and that's no lie neither.

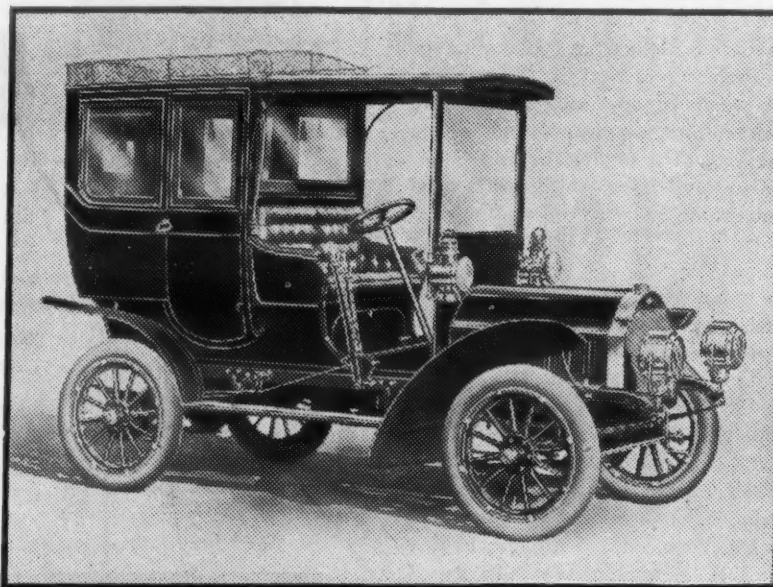
Bertha Semple's wedding to a Greacen chap—pronounced Grayson, so I hear—was a musical dream—morning ceremony on Tuesday and everything lovely—Bertha is the best looker of that family. Weddings are pretty thick this week—Nannie Lee's to the Southern Polk Gent was on Tuesday also and very swell.

Ed Goltra's collection of fine Vienna porcelains, confiscated by the government, because the Austrian merchant who shipped them here, made out one invoice to Mr. Goltra, and another, and at a lower figure for the benefit of the customs' authorities, was publicly sold the other day, and the distinguished Mr. Goltra bought them in. Then he made a speech against the tariff. Now the tariff is unjust, as Father says; but it's the law, and being the law, Mr. Goltra looks like a man whom the wicked might call a smuggler. The law is the law, and even a rich man and an old college chum of Billy Bryan shouldn't presume to fracture it by a trick in billing goods. I'm surprised that a man who has such a pretty and stylish and attractive wife should be caught doing such things—or telling the merchant who sold him the goods to do it. But father says that it's just the successful fellows like Goltra and his pal, Wells, who carry on such law-breaking, and then get up on their hind legs and howl about other forms of law-breaking whereby others than they profit. "Goltra," says father, "looks to me very much like the two super-respectable McKittricks, who were caught rebating and taking the money when it was thrown over their transom by someone they didn't know." And Goltra, like the McKittricks, is close to Wells. Well, Wells has had some curious company—there was the World's Fair graft, you know, and the police graft, a la Ollie

Roberts, and the gambling graft, races, craps, bucket shops—all traced in common rumor right up to people who are very close to the ventriloquial Rolla and reputed to have a great pull with him. 'Pon my word, if Rolla's friends keep on getting shown up, he'll have to go out in his back yard and have the houseman sprinkle him with carbolic acid or some other powerful deodorizer or disinfectant. Gee! But am I not writing like a heavy-editorial writer?

You recomember Alexandra Stuart that was—related to the world-renowned contractor Stewarts of this city. Well, she's gone and, with the aid of her husband, robbed a hospital. Lemme tell ye how it was, or is. She married a Plankinton, you know—William Woods Plankinton of the old Milwaukee family—the family that made Milwaukee famous before Blatz and Schlitz and Pabst came with a hop into their present greatness. The first Plankinton, the man who got the money and built the big hotel in Beerville was John. He died—as all men must. By the will of John Plankinton his entire estate, valued at several millions, was given to the Milwaukee Hospital in the event that no heir was born, or was living at the death of the direct descendants, who are Miss Elizabeth Plankinton, daughter of John Plankinton, and William Woods Plankinton, son of the late William Plankinton and the only grandchild of John Plankinton. And now Alexandra Stuart Plankinton last Wednesday bore to her lord and master a son and heir, a male representative of the fourth generation. If the new born son survives, the chance heretofore held by

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the Milwaukee Hospital Association of getting the entire Plankinton wealth at the death of his daughter and grandson will disappear. And that's how the lady has robbed a hospital. Father says the incident only shows that we're getting quite European in our entailing of estates. Father's a Single Taxer, you know—among his other tacks—and he believes that the pro-

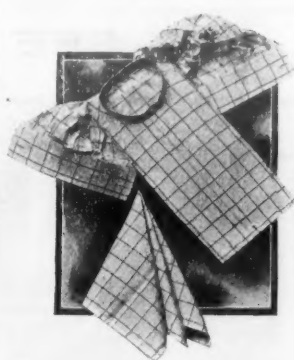


perty of the elder Plankinton doesn't by any real right belong or descend to the heirs, but should go mostly to the community that helped the first Plankinton make his fortune, and that by its growth—the community's—has increased the Plankinton wealth without much help from any of the later Plankintons. Dear me, this horrid old political economy is getting mixed up even with sassiety—and Father says that if Hearst ever has his way there won't be any society based on money, but only on culture, gentleness and worth. Golly, wouldn't that kind of a sassiety be odd? Imagine it, if you can—a sassiety in which you'd meet people who as a rule know anything worth knowing, or even suspect it!

The old French families are beginning to get together. The new riches have rather crowded them out of the news—at least since Miss Chouteau was Veiled Prophets Queen. Cards are out from Mrs. Emma Jennings Garesche—Mrs. Edmond A.—for the marriage of her daughter, Adelaide Eugenia, and Mr. William Francis Benoist, on Saturday, November 17, at the New Cathedral chapel. The families are very old and ultra-Catholic. The Garesches are said to be more catholic than the Pope, and so are the Papins, Benoists, Bauduys and Bernoudys—by the way, I want to tell you that Bauduy Bernoudy, who came here from Kentucky about five years ago, is to marry, if he hasn't already married a New York girl, a Miss Maddox. Well, I'll tell you how Catholic the Garesches are in a story about this Adelaide Eugenia who's to marry young Benoist. I got it out of Father Phelan's *Western Watchman*—Father Phelan, Father says, is the American Catholics' Salmasius and Salmasius was the man who had the terrific controversy with John Milton—golly, how erudite I do become. Well, the story goes that the young lady, five years ago, was engaged to be married to a distinguished professor in one of our higher institutions of learning. He was young and she was young. She was intelligent and accomplished; he was learned and cultured beyond most men of his calling and years. He was not a Catholic; in fact, was not much of anything. He had several interviews with the parish priest of the young lady, and these interviews always ended in renewed and re-enforced objections. The priest had no objection to the young man—in fact, favored the marriage. But he had to insist on the laws of the Church being complied with; the children had to be brought up Catholics. The marriage was put off to enable the young man to come to a more accommodating frame of mind. Matters were hurrying to a crisis, and a final interview was arranged with this young lady. It lasted far into the night, and ended in a formal rupture of the engagement. They took final leave of each other and he departed to return no more. He miscalculated his strength, or the young lady's resolution, for he rang the bell in less than a half hour and begged a reopening of the question. She rose from her bed to receive him, but insisted that her mother should accompany her to the parlor to be witness of all that transpired. He was disconsolate, but obdurate; she was dignified and resolute. There was a second parting, and the couple never met again. The conduct of the young lady was so admirable that it drew an encomium from her mother, who was a convert, but a steadfast one. And now she has married a Catholic and the Church rejoices. Who says Romance or Faith is dead? But wasn't the young professor true blue to his principles, too? I hope he got a nice girl later.

I was off me trolley last week when I wrote you of the scrap at the Columbumbian club. It was Leon Bodenheimer and not Sanford Bernheimer who disputed with Alvin Goldman about the honor of dancing with Miss Florence Goldman at the ball. I wouldn't have you astray on the facts about such an important event, for the world.

There are premonitory significations of activity in



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HAVE you tested our Custom Shirt Department? It is the best equipped in St. Louis.

The materials embrace everything in weaves and colors, both American and Foreign that the critical dresser demands. You will be surprised to find that you don't have to patronize an expensive specialty shop for shirt satisfaction.

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a beautifully illustrated booklet describing the attractions of the *Delightful Winter Resorts* of the *Jamaica* reached in about four and one-half days by the Superb new Steamers Prinzessin, Victoria Luise, Prinz Aug. Wilhelm, Prinz Joachim, Prinz Waldemar, Prinz Eitel Friedrich, Sarnia and Siberia, etc., etc.

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the large body known as Dr. Ernst Saxl. He's the dynamo of the Choral Symphony this year. And, oh Jane, Herr Alfred Ernst sent an opera to the head of the Berlin Opera House, through Prince Henry, and the director just turned it down cold, saying it was good only where it was reminiscent. Wonder what's become of the scheme to get Nahan Franko to direct the C. S. in future. Better get somebody who is popular with somebody besides himself.

Beth Donaldson has been written up as about to marry a slum-worker. That's fine, isn't it? Fact is, her fiance, Mr. Randolph, only happens to be a serious minded young man, and interested much more in Beth than in slum-work. The sensation has no foundation. If Mr. Randolph is religious I hope he will convert his pa-in-law, who's a pure out-and-out pagan. He doesn't quote any Christian author and he admires the Japs and the Hindoos and all the outlanders and all their beliefs most extravagantly. His bible is the Odes of Horace—and Horace was a Roman man-about-town without much morals to speak of.

Miss Thekla Bernays has come home and her brother, the Dr., with her, after a swing around Europe. Her letters to the *Globe-Democrat* were very interesting. The Dr. has got a lot of new "dope," as we say,

## The New Bust and Back Supporter

We are showing Madame Meyers' latest contribution toward the comfort, grace and shapeliness of stout women—the Corslette.



By the use of this device, women of the most generous figure may prevent the unsightly ridges (formed by superfluous flesh) at the top of the corset, front and back. The bust is held firmly in position—either high or low, as you may prefer, and the bust measure is reduced three or four inches—in some cases even more.

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on the latest wrinkles or crinkles in European medicine and surgery. We are hoping that Miss Bernays may be induced to tell us something of her travels at



the Woman's Club. If only the W. C. could be cornered some day and made to listen to a blunt lecture by Dr. Bernays, the organization would know it was alive. Dr. Bernays is almost another Abernethy in his forthrightness of speech, you know. That Woman's Club needs a shock—or something.

Say, Jenny dear, little Louise Nugent is a sweet lassie—she came out for the first public time a few days ago at somebody's luncheon, with a darling blue frock on and the most charming downcast look—I predict a great debutante future, while I inwardly marvel that a matron so young looking should be the mother of so tall a daughter.

BLUE JAY.

## The Dartmouth College Case

By Herman Kuehn

Chicago, October 27, 1906.

IN the MIRROR for October 4th appears a painstaking article by John Z. White, commenting upon the Dartmouth College Case. He examines the decision of the Supreme Court, and hands us down his decision that Chief Justice Marshall arrived at conclusions incompatible with reason, and therefore absurd. Mr. White kindly permits his readers to observe the processes whereby he arrives at his decision that Marshall was absurd in declaring a charter to be a contract.

One may agree with White, but in order to do so and remain well within the bounds of ordinary common sense, we must reach a similar conclusion in spite of, and not at all because of Mr. White's process.

I have the pleasure of a personal friendship with Mr. White, and therefore I know the innate honesty of the man. Hence I know that there was no attempt on his part to deceive his readers with the appearance of having reached his conclusion by a logical process. Mr. White employs logic as a tool to justify prejudgments formed by his sympathies. Every one does the like. But everyone is not "onto himself" when he does it. Mr. White does it. I absolve him of being conscious of it.

Having arrived at the conclusion that Marshall's decision is absurd, Mr. White undertakes to buttress his conclusion by the forms of logic. His conclusion is better than his logic. For his premises, instead of supporting his conclusion, directly controvert it.

In order that I may do no injustice to Mr. White I will quote his own words:

"Each man has a right to peacefully occupy and use the earth, and the only known way to maintain this right (security of person and property) is by the exercise of the supreme force. This supreme force is sovereignty. Sovereignty is dominion; government its organized agency. States are not corporate agencies to be compelled. They are sovereign agencies that command."

Here we have Mr. White marshalling a number of statements to prove his position, and each one of his premises itself requires proof. Not to Mr. White, of course, for he uses them with all the naive assurance of one dealing with axioms. Starting from the assumption that Nature granted man "rights" as well as land, and Nature having neglected or forgotten to provide a warranty title, man had to look to "the supreme force" to maintain his grant from Nature, and this supreme force is sovereignty.

We need not dwell here upon the fallacies in Mr. White's contention, but on the contrary, let us accept them at par, and ascertain to what extent, if at all, they will uphold Mr. White's contention against Marshall.

Since States are organized agencies to command, States must necessarily be in position to interpret the commands of sovereignty. To this end a Supreme Court was organized by the sovereignty whose organized agency is The United States of America and Their Dependencies and Island Possessions. Hence,

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when sovereignty delivers an interpretation through its interpreting agency that interpretation is final. Sovereignty is sovereignty. Sovereignty brooks no super-sovereignty, yet Mr. White, in questioning the cogency of a Supreme Court decision is undertaking to exercise a prerogative of super-sovereignty. If Mr. White is correct in his reasoning, that sovereignty is "the only known way" for human beings to live together in right social relationships, he is estopped from criticising any decision of the Supreme Court. Even as an intellectual entertainment such criticism is seditious, rebellious and generally disorderly and improper. If sovereignty is the only known way to "keep the peace" we must subscribe to it, together with all the inconveniences and injustices it implies. And once sovereignty has spoken the pronouncement is final. Hence, when sovereignty interprets sovereignty there is no review possible until sovereignty is overthrown, and sovereignty cannot be overthrown without overthrowing human society. Hence, the Supreme Court having declared a charter to be a contract it is a contract. Mr. White says that a charter is a license, but as Mr. White is not an organized agency of sovereignty we would be imperiling society to give heed to his views when expressed in contravention of sovereignty.

The sovereignty delusion wanes gradually as men become more intelligent. Enlightened man will show that not only is sovereignty not "the only way" to maintain right relationships between man and man, but that there is no other way so illy calculated to serve that purpose.

If White is right as to "natural rights," and the sovereignty that is required to uphold that illusion, then he is wrong as to Marshall's decision being reviewable at all. If he is right in his decision that Marshall's position is absurd, he is wrong in his postulate of sovereignty.

\*\*\*

## Omar in Heaven

By Walter Malone

**Y**EAR after year I wait, reposing here  
Among the Faithful, by the Prophet blest;  
A stranger now to grief, remorse and fear,  
My one-time restless heart is wreathed in rest.

The years glide on, and still they find me free  
From every care that dogs the feet of men;  
No sun on desert sand, no storm at sea,  
Shall ever come to vex my soul again.

No clouded skies on pages ashen-gray  
Reflect heart-breaking annals of the earth;  
The Judas-kisses all have passed away,  
With all the madness that eclipsed our mirth.

Here all the year is April, May or June,

With bud and blossom free from every blight;  
Here all the day is everlasting noon,  
With glory never dimming in the night.

No thorns beset the beauty of the rose,  
No sweet is ever tintured with a sour;  
We pluck no fruits,—a heavenly zephyr blows  
And shakes the mellow apple from its bower.

No leaflet ever withers on the tree,  
No bulbul song on desert waste is lost;  
From drought the date and olive flourish free,  
No tulip ever shudders from the frost.

No traveler's camel pants and kneels to die  
As hot siroccos fling their fiery dust;  
No sun-scorched famine makes of earth and sky  
A brazen oven and a blackened crust.

Here bubbling fountains, cold as mountain snow,  
Refresh the pilgrim mad with feverish thirst;  
Here verdant forests dim the noontide glow  
For caravans from white-hot sands accurst.

Songs cannot sing the glories here on high,  
The white, white splendor of this blest estate;  
One might rejoice ten thousand times to die  
To peep one instant through its jeweled gate.

No hunter here pursues the wild gazelle,  
The lad no longer here pursues the maid;  
The fawn, grown fearless, knows her master well,  
The loved one by her lover's side is laid.

Around me, tripping with a dove-like tread,  
Are seven times seventy houris, passing sweet;  
With oils of roses they anoint my head,  
And bring rose-water jars to wash my feet.

They bring me sherbets cool with creamy snow,  
They scent my courts with frankincense and myrrh;  
With peacock fans they make soft breezes blow,  
And carol songs that set my heart astir.

Ah, they are fairer far than maids of earth,  
And never flee the lover when he wooes,  
They seek me dancing in delightful mirth,  
And always come to kiss me when I choose.

They beg me think no more of loves of mine  
In old-time Aprils, there, in haunts of men;  
They bid me quaff their jug's mellifluous wine,  
And never ask to see the earth again.

Ah, yes, they all surrender free of force,—  
The bird comes captive though I set no snare;  
Yet wines they hand me never bring remorse,  
The love they lavish never brings despair.

And here in everlasting youth we stay,—  
The youth of roseate feet and soft dark eyes;  
Though fifty Sultans rule and pass away  
The years flit soft as wings of butterflies.

Yet, Iran, in my dreams I feel again  
Your dear temptations, your delightful snares,  
Your bitter-sweets, your pleasures mixed with pain,  
Your blissful sorrows, your divine despairs.

I long for Bagdad's mosques and minarets,  
For Shiraz, with its fig-trees, vines and palms;  
For dear old Ispahan my spirit trets,—  
O sight more soothing than Arabian balms!

I weary of these everlasting Springs,  
These gardens with their never-fading flowers;  
O, bring the North Wind on his eagle wings,  
To quench their glory in his sleety showers!

Who cares for youth where every one is young?  
Who values springtime life where none grows old?  
All gold with iron in one heap were flung  
If every ship came weighted down with gold.

Where every man is wealthy, none is rich;  
Where bides no Evil, there can be no Good;  
Without some valley's intervening niche  
No mountain ever stands or ever stood.

Though youth on earth soon shatters like a rose,  
And love's fresh morning ends at last in night,  
The song is sweeter for an early close,  
Love ten times dearer for an early flight.

Ah, sweet the prospect of a bliss pursued,  
Yet sweeter still the bliss we gained and lost;  
O clutch it not with fingers fondly rude,  
Or else to-morrow we shall count its cost.

We slay the white swan for his peerless plume,—  
He falls, to splash in mire his snowy down;  
We gather grapes,—our hands brush off their bloom;  
The creamy lily that we touch turns brown.

What though the damsel struggle from my arm?  
What though she laughs and runs beyond my reach?  
The cherry's tartness proves its chiefest charm,  
The topmost bough withholds the reddest peach.

Only one game is ever worth dispute,  
Well won with ardors of an anxious day,—  
To chase the prize, uncertain in pursuit,  
And having won, soon feel it slip away.

I envy earth its secret, stolen bliss,  
Its fond embraces, half withheld, then given,  
Its lover's quarrels, crushed beneath a kiss,  
Its fond farewells, that make a hell seem heaven.

I love the world,—its spice of doubts and fears,  
Its sugared fictions, hiding heartless truth,  
Its silvery laughter, shining through its tears,  
The sweet, uncertain tenure of its youth.

I beg the Prophet from his judgment seat  
To let me steal to earth from heights above,  
Once more to test its wine-cup's dear deceit,  
And taste the bitter honey of its love.



## Prof. Edwards' German Empire

BY MAX P. STAHL.

"It is hard to understand why, but it is a fact that the Germans insist on living without any constitution, under an absolute monarch, and it is their chief pride that their monarch is an irresponsible busybody, whose chief aim is to bother his patient subjects. . . . Most of this genus consider it as their object in life to obey the policeman, to fill blanks with beaureaucratic red tape, to occupy their time with training parade step in the barrack courts or to sit in prison on account of daring to say a free word in politics." With these satirical remarks, Prof. Hugo Muensterberg of Harvard University, in his instructive book, "American Traits," characterizes the type of the "Dutchman" as he exists in the eyes of a large number of American people.

Since the year 1901, when Prof. Muensterberg published his interesting sketches, Germany, her people and her institutions have become somewhat better known in the United States. The steadily growing commerce between the two great countries, the exchange of University professors, recently started at the instance of the German emperor, the personal visit of the Emperor's brother, Prince Henry, to this country, the splendid display of German art and industry at the various World's Fairs—all this has contributed to spread a better knowledge of the country from which so many millions of American citizens hail, and the number of Americans who appreciate what these United States have to thank Germany and her influence for in art, literature, science, in every field of culture, is constantly increasing and helps to bring the people of the two great countries to a better mutual understanding of their real characters.

Every work which tends to make these two nations, which are so closely related, and which have so many things in common, to know each other still better, is therefore to be cheerfully welcomed. A new book, "The German Empire," published by the Macmillan Company, New York, which has for author the distinguished educator, Burt Estes Howard, well serves the purpose of giving highly valuable information about the institutions of Germany and the functions of the different features of the German government. The author is eminently fitted for the task he has set for himself. After having acquired the A. M. degree at Harvard, he went to Germany, where he studied at Heidelberg University, graduated as philosophical doctor, and then continued his studies in state law at the University of Berlin. His present book is the fruit of several years of diligent research and discriminating study.

Starting with the founding of the North German Bund, (the United States of North Germany), on July 1, 1867, with the king of Prussia as hereditary president, the author shows us how, after the splendid victories of the allied Northern and Southern German armies over France, the Bund was enlarged by the entry of the Southern German States into the Union, which, with the assent of the legislative bodies of all the various States, was, on January 18, 1871, called the German empire, and the king of Prussia, in his capacity as custodian of the presidential power, was styled the German Emperor.

The founding of the German empire, the author indicates, composed as it is of twenty-five States, twenty-two of which are monarchical in their organization, while three (Hamburg, Bremen, Luebeck), are republican city-states, was not an act of the German people—although they heartily assented to this realization of their long cherished hopes for a great united Germany—but an act of the German States. "All the acts leading up to the erection of the feder-

al State were acts of the States as personalities. . . . The members of the Empire are not the individual citizens, but the several States. The German Empire is not a juristic person, composed of fifty-six million members, but of twenty-five members. . . . The German Empire is not a league of princes. It is a State constructed out of States. . . . The true mark of a State consists in its possession of original and undivided power. This mark belongs to each of the German States. . . . The autonomous area of power belongs to the individual State; it has not been invaded by the Empire. The sovereign power lies with the Empire, and comes to expression, not in the Kaiser, who is in no sense the "monarch" of Germany, but in the totality of the allied governments, regarded as a single personality in the Bundesrath." From this clear juridical exposition everyone can see that the form of government of the German Empire is very similar to that of the United States, a union of autonomous States, with one man clothed with presidential prerogatives as chief executive. As such, the Kaiser, just like our President, is the chief commander of the army and navy. From this can be seen how ridiculous is all the nonsensical talk of the "German War Lord," which we find in many an irresponsible newspaper.

In matters pertaining to foreign affairs, the control of the Empire is just

as supreme as is that of our federal government. "So far as the execution of the laws is concerned, the powers of the individual States exceed that of the Empire; the Empire has but a fragment of the general executive powers, save in the matter of foreign affairs. It is practically excluded from the judicial, financial and internal administration." We see in it a strongly unified power to legislate joined to a strongly decentralized power to execute.

In Chapter III Professor Howard deals exclusively with the position which the Kaiser holds in the constitution of the Empire, and a reading of this chapter will soon destroy the many misconceptions, partly based on ignorance, partly on wilful malice, which are still prevalent among many of our people. "The title 'German Kaiser,' carries with it no idea of territorial domination. The kaiser is (as king of Prussia) monarch in the Empire, but not over the Empire." This is shown by the choice of the title, which is "German Kaiser," and not "Kaiser of Germany." The Kaiser, as such, receives no income from the Imperial Treasury; there is no "Civil List;" this bearing the title of Kaiser costs the people of Germany not a single cent. The revenues which he gets he derives as King of Prussia just like the King of Saxony, or the Grand Duke of Baden, or the Mayors of Hamburg, Bremen or Luebeck.

In the following chapters the author

treats in the same lucid and interesting way the functions of the Bundesrath, which is the supreme organ of the Empire, the Reichstag, the functions of the Imperial Chancellor and the mode of legislation.

Dr. Howard then deals with the citizenship under the German constitution, the judicial organization of the Empire, the relation of Alsace-Lorraine to the Empire, the constitution and its relation to the finances of Germany, the armed forces of the country, and devotes the last chapter to a very thorough-going explanation of the German Constitution.

The work is one which increases the luster of Prof. Howard's scholarly achievements in the world of scientific juridical, and constitutional literature, and is the best source of knowledge and information, on the subject extant—at least, the best source, of American origin. It affords the basis of an exhaustive and interesting study of German institutions, comprehensive in scope, and accurate in execution, is well calculated to dispel vulgar prejudices and ignorant misconceptions, and will thus work for an establishment of peace and good will between the two great kindred nations.

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## New Books

After reading E. Temple Thurston's newest book, "Traffic," (G. W. Dillingham, New York), one feels like burning or burying his clothes. The sensation can only be likened to an encounter with an experienced polecat at close range. The book is full of festering vice, and it does seem like an awful waste of white paper and ink to prove a thing so obvious as the inconsistency of the Catholic Church's attitude on the divorce question. The author, in his zest to send the harpoon of logic home, churns up the big ancient cesspool of human vice and passions and poverty until you could almost cut the resultant odor with a dull ax. The principal actors in his drama are seducers, their victims and love-children. And the play is incessant on the vices of sexuality and intoxication. Strange to say, the author has seen fit to make Ireland the locale of his tale—Ireland, that is lauded the world over for the virtue of its women, if for nothing else.

It's the sad story of one of these same love-children who is forced into a most unhappy marriage with a man she despises, that the author tells. She is a devout adherent of the Catholic Church, at once her hope and her doom. She leaves her brute husband, but the priest warns her that she can never marry again while he survives. She passes out into the larger world, goes to London and there meets the man she loves. But she is prevented from wedding him because of her fidelity to the church. She sacrifices her happiness and his, and gradually drifts into the scarlet sisterhood. In an hour of misery she attempts to destroy herself, but is rescued by her lover. The story ends in the air. And it's a good thing that it does. It needs a little air about that time.

It is not its power as a story, for its theme and plot are old and hackneyed, but rather the literary charm in its telling, that will endear to many readers Mrs. Henry Dudeney's novel, "The Battle of the Weak, or Gossips Green," (G. W. Dillingham Company, New York). It is a story of English life at the close of the eighteenth century, of people who led that fascinating tranquil life that is no more, of love, religious intolerance and sin. There is something of the flavor of Dickens in its pages, some suggestion of his skill in character drawing. And a delicate vein of humor keeps cropping out at most opportune times in the gossip of the weakened spinsters and plump matrons, and the several other interesting types who troop through its pages. You can see them all just as they were in life in the quaint little English Village of Gossips Green. You can't help admiring the handsome, sad, mad, glad hero Quaker Jay, who is "a child of the storm," and Lucy Bertram, the soultossed heroine who is wed to one, while her heart belongs to another. It is in depicting the struggle of the wife to be faithful to her spouse and her child, despite the gnawing at her heart, that Mrs. Dudeney is most effective. But in the end she makes fate deal kindly with the unhappy pair, for through the death of her husband, Lucy and Jay are brought together to enjoy that bliss that God had intended for them.

Books a thousand have been written of London, from old Stowe to Sir Walter Besant, but a more steadily delightful guide book to the queer and interesting places of the world's capital than "A Wanderer in London" comes not to mind. The author, Mr. E. V. Lucas, biographer and editor of Lamb, loves London as two such seemingly antipathetic characters as Lamb and Johnson loved it. He writes with an ease that is quaintly humorous and whimsical. He tells us who lived or worked or died

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in this house or that. He tells stories of crimes and executions. He knows who of the earth's great be in this graveyard or that. There is a new fresh story or incident every few pages. Little character sketches of celebrities, pictures of many a famous scene drop in quite accidentally. Odds and ends of curious information crop out unexpectedly. He knows where all the great paintings are, and what queer things lurk in the corners of the British Museum and he philosophizes with mock solemnity in Madam Tussaud's. He makes you see the queer people of the slums, tells the queer histories of streets and lanes, explains ancient charitable foundations and elucidates strange customs of out-of-the-way quarters. Literary and art criticisms, gossip old and new of old playhouses, coffee houses and inns—he rambles along chattily until you feel as at home in Lutetia as you do in the next block. "A Wanderer in London" makes a guide book second to none. It is a book of rich sympathy with the "human wariors," genial, universal in appreciation and of a constantly varying charm. There is more of London in it than you'd think could be got into a volume of its size. It is provided with some very attractive illustrations in color and with many reproductions of art works of the capital from the "Venus of Cnidos" to Watts' sinister "Minotaur." It is the book for any man to put away against the time he shall visit London. Published by the Macmillan Co., New York.

"The Corner House," by Fred M. White, (Fenn & Co., New York), is a London mystery story that should surfeit any enthusiast on this kind of literature. It deals with a mysterious house, more mysterious occupants, and a most mysterious tragedy, with a pretty but crafty "Countess," and other nefarious and honest persons, all drawn into a great swirling vortex of crime and conspiracy. The tale has all the swift action necessary to such stories, and its interest is sustained to the end.

A gift-book for children that is at once instructive and amusing is Margaret Coulson Walker's "Lady Hollyhock and Her Friends," (the Baker-Taylor Publishing Co., of New York). The book is intended to stimulate the creative faculty in the minds of children, to interest them in the making of their own simple toys. The various simple and amusing illustrations with which the volume is replete will be sure to catch the eye and fancy of the little readers.

### The International Studio.

Exceptionally attractive numbers of The International Studio are those of November and October. They are marked by excellent half-tones and colored inserts, and contain all the news and gossip of the art world. In the

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November number, the European section contains several vitally interesting articles, among them an appreciation of the "Corots" in the Alexander Young collection, by E. G. Halton, the first of a series of articles; "Pencil Drawing From Nature," by Alfred East, A. R. A.; "Some Recent Etchings by Albert Baertsoen," by Henri Frantz; "The Art of Henri Texeira De Mattos," by Haldane McFall, and illustrations of "Recent Designs in Domestic Architecture." Besides, there is the usual studio talk from all the great European art centers. In the American section are many interesting illustrations and articles. Notable among the former are pictures of articles exhibited at the American exhibition of silver, of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

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Music

*Sousa's Opera.*

"The Free Lance" is a return to first principles. It is old fashioned comic opera of the "El Capitan" type, and had Mr. Sousa made a better job of his score, this work would be equal, if not superior, to any of the numerous successful concoctions of this class. The show is good fun, and the assortment of comedians should satisfy even the most voracious comic opera patron. Mr. Harry B. Smith, in his book, provides capital roles for no less than three "comics" of popular type. The buffoon rulers of the Smithian kingdoms—type, Eddie Foy and De Wolf Hopper—are given opportunities for grotesque "make up" and much noise, and the comic goat-herd—type, Rogers Bros.-Weber-Fields—is elevated to a "star" part.

The soldiers and populace of Braggadocia and Graftiana are a gaily clad and motley crowd; a better display of tights and polished tinware has not been seen in a like production in years.

The music, then, is the only obstacle to a smashing, howling, success. This would have been better, did it not aim to be so good. Mr. Sousa has labored over elaborate ensembles, and has evidently taken much trouble with two songs for the prima donna, and a song for tenor. However, it must be confessed that Mr. Sousa's lucubrations were wholly futile. Of melody there is little that is evident to the naked ear, and the composer's ideas of harmonization are rudimentary. The concerted work is commonplace in the extreme, and the arid part-writing is not concealed by the noise of principals, chorus and orchestra. One inspired bar is worth a dozen manufactured numbers, and inspiration was evidently denied Mr. Sousa even in his march finale, which is altogether devoid of the swing and spontaneity of "Stars and Stripes" and "Washington Post." Had Mr. Sousa managed to hit upon one melody of sufficient vitality to live until after the fall of the curtain, it would have been heard from some one in the dispersing gallery crowd on Sunday, but the gods, though they cheered and stamped for joy at the comedians' antics, evidently had retained no tune that demanded voicing, and passed unwhistlingly into the night.

The performance is excellent throughout, and orchestra, principals, choristers and stage manager make the best of everything. The orchestra boasts of a harp and other luxuries in the way of material, and Anton Heindl conducts with vigor. The list of principals includes, in addition to the comic and featured Cawthorne, chubby faced Jeannette Lowry, a soubrette whose expansive and glistening smile is wondrously eloquent, and whose interpretation of her songs is the triumph of suggestion over tone. Miss Nella Bergen sings the prima donna role. She has not cast off voice with avoirdupois, but retains the clear, penetrating upper

voice that brought her into prominence some years ago. Miss Bergen did as well for Mr. Sousa, in her first song, as he deserved, but only approximately achieved his trills and cadenzas in the song of the carrier pigeon. Mr. George Tallman is far more human, in action and song, than the typical comic opera tenor. In fact, Mr. Tallman comes dangerously near being an actor and something of a singer, too.

Albert Hart gives a fair imitation of De Wolf Hopper, and George Schiller is a comedian of approved qualities. Joseph Cawthorne is funny enough in the lines and lyrics provided by the libretto to dispense with extraneous material, but Cawthorne is nothing, if not generous, and opens up the old bag of tricks to the unbridled joy of his audiences.

\*\*\*  
*Schumann-Heink Coming.*

Madame Schumann-Heink, after a brilliantly successful tour of Germany and France last winter, has come back to us, with all her art and skill and charm intensified. She will appear at the Odeon, Thursday evening, November 13th, in her best selections. Her voice has been said to be the greatest heard within the memory of man. She

knows the whole art of singing, having appeared in all the roles from least to greatest in more operas than most of us can remember by name. She has scored triumphs everywhere, in all the great centers, even at Bayreuth. She is the marvel of her time, with her mighty capacity for continuous work and her large family. Mme. Schumann-Heink is now an American, and prefers to sing at home rather than leave her family under the lure of the biggest European offers. Her appearance at the Odeon on the 13th should be an unparalleled success, for she has always been a great favorite with St. Louis music lovers.

\*\*\*

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#### Dramatic

*Mrs. Fiske at the Garrick.*

"The New York Idea" is a comedy about divorce. Langdon Mitchell is the author. The play is smart—smart, but shallow. The lines are much better than the situations, for the latter, in the first two acts, at least, are trite. At the Garrick this week this play and star are none the less a treat for the discerning.

The chief defect of the play is that it presents as an American idea of matrimony a concoction which is more French than anything else. Mr. Mitchell's idea is that the New York idea of matrimony is a sort of modified form of the custom known in Scotland and in some parts of Pennsylvania as "bundling."

Therefore the play during three acts is not savory to the taste, but unpleasant for all its glitter. It is redeemed in the last act.

But the redemption comes from Mrs. Fiske, not from Langdon Mitchell. Mrs. Fiske's conscience, her sentimental remembrances hurt her. She doesn't like to see the man who was her husband married to another woman. Gradually she perceives the emptiness of the man she was about to take for a second partner. In the blending of her gradually reviving love for the man she had trivially divorced with the growing disgust for the man who presumed to take his place, Mrs. Fiske found her opportunity for the display of her genius. The struggle for the right is a hard one. It is a case where her soul "fights a dim battle in a doubtful land." The indications of the strife come up from the depths in little facial signs, in gestures, in words that are surcharged with secondary suggestion, even when they seem most lightsome. It is this suggestion of what is going on behind her fashionable and formal front that is the limit of her art. As you see her coming gradually around to the point of standing by her intuition and listening to the nobler nature that fashionable frivolity has scorned and scoffed at, you are prepared for the splendid scene in the last act. The trouble is that the glitter of the play seems to hide from many, the nature or intensity of the woman's difficulty. It is only when the last scene comes and all the intimations of the preceding scenes, delicate, faint, elusive, culminate in an obvious outburst of emotion into utterance and action that the genius of the leading lady is made manifest to the many.

When she is alone with the man from whom she was divorced, and they fall to talking little frivolities of reminiscence, recalling days and intimate hours together, each remembering just what the other remembers, each gradually discovering that the other has been thinking and feeling in exactly the same way—then comes the flash of the real genius of the actress. The scene passes from something like childish trifling to the intensity of passion. The hearts of the two melt together. The absurd difficulties and barriers vanish. Love is triumphant over idea—New York or any other—and it has its way, and it vindicates the old conventions that the New York idea would relegate to the rubbish heap. It is thrilling when the two find each other after their foolish effort to get away from one another.

And yet this isn't the sort of thing in which we would see Mrs. Fiske. She is constituted for grander things—for things in the neo-classic line. At least that is one man's opinion. She is too good an actress to waste her time on these ephemera. But possibly, she has to live. Still we can't help regretting that she is bound to the sort of thing that is for the most part meretricious. We should like to see Mrs. Fiske in a play to her taste by Pinero, or Henry Arthur Jones.



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The company supporting Mrs. Fiske is a good one. The names are enough to tell that the other parts were capably and even brilliantly taken care of. John Mason is in his own class. George Arliss is a master craftsman. Ida Vernon, Marian Lea, Emily Stevens—they are not eclipsed by any star, for their work is always perfect in its place. The minor, the very minor parts committed to George Harcourt, Belle Bohn and Robert V. Ferguson are assured of being given the proper value in the whole scheme and theme.

Next week: Virginia Harned in Sardou's "The Love Letter," with William Courtney, W. J. Ferguson, Eleanor Moretti and others in the support.

"Abyssinia," the new musical novelty which Williams and Walker are presenting at the Grand this week, shows the negro at his best, not only as an entertainer but as composer and playwright. The whole piece is the work of negroes and reflects no little credit on the race. J. A. Shipp and Alec Rogers wrote the book and lyrics, Will Marion Cook the principal numbers and Bert Williams and James Vaughn are the composers of the incidental harmonies of the piece. Williams and Walker, in the chief roles, were never better served. The piece suits their divergent methods of comedy to a nicety and the mirth is continuous, likewise the melody, and the principals have some good new songs. R. Henri Strange gives a capital impersonation of old Menelik and Ada Walker and Lottie Williams figure a lot in the success of the piece. "Abyssinia" is all that's been said about it in line, in melody and situation.

"Abyssinia" remains for another week.

"The Prince of Pilsen," playing at the Century this week, has more vitality than the proverbial cat, but unlike the feline that went away, it can't be kept away. It always comes back. And it always seems to get a welcome. Jess Dandy, as the pseudo Prince, hasn't improved or retrograded any. He works in a bunch of ante-election jokes that give a suggestion of newness. The musical numbers are a relief from the time-worn comedy of the piece. William Wheedon and Albertine Benson render "The Message of the Violet" in a most "whistly" and elusive fashion. "Heidelberg" is another song hit. Helena Delnora as the bellboy and Pauline Guzman also contribute much to make this now antique production somewhat enjoyable.

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Next week: Digby Bell, in "The Education of Mr. Pipp."

The German Stock Company at the Odeon will return to the giving of a farce with song and dance, which is popular with the Germans who frequent the Odeon. "Der Waldteufel." (The Forest Sprite), is the title of the farce, and it is provided with a good plot, and plenty of catchy music, which will be rendered by Jeanette Dupont, the new soubrette, Hans Loebel, Fritz Beese, Frida Kahle, and a capable chorus. The present status of the subscription to the New German Theater, so actively managed by Judge Leo Rassieur and his able lieutenants, is \$60,000. Judge Rassieur wants \$75,000 subscribed before he will begin to collect a percentage of it. When the sum is guaranteed various sites will be suggested and voted upon, and then the work of building the new and permanent local home for the German drama will be pushed to completion.

There is melody and mirth galore in



"Gay New York," which is in revival at the Imperial this week. The producing company excels the one that was seen last year at the Grand. Harry Emerson is an exceptionally clever *Schultz*, the tailor; he is there with common sense, dialect, nimble feet and other desirable accomplishments. Lillian Hoerlein is also admirable as *Florisel*, the dancer, who masquerades as *Mary Darcy*. There are half a dozen musical numbers that attain to the "hit" distinction. And there are also a number of talented and pretty girls in the cast.

Next week: "The Volunteer Organist."

"The Heir to the Hoopla," a travesty by Sam Rice, is the bright particular thing presented by the Merry Maiden Burlesquers at the Standard. Joe Ward plays the leading comedy role of *Mike O'Brien* and there is a bunch of equally funny border characters in support of him. Edith Murray is quite attractive as *Dolly Flash*. In the vaudeville line the bill is also nifty. And the closing farce, "A Necktie Party," sends every one away smiling.

The World Beaters are giving a fast and funny show at the Gayety. A musical farce, "Caught at Last," is the big thing of the bill. John T. Hanson, Frank Brockway and May Gebhart are the chief entertainers in the piece. Hanson and Maybel Drew, present a very laughable sketch, "The Village Billposter," in which some clever character impersonating is done. Other entertainers in the olio, deserving mention, are Brockway and Warren and the Five Les Romanos.

Next week: "The Dainty Duchess."

### The Stock Market

Under the influence of optimistic expectations as to the outcome of the New York and national elections, Wall street quotations showed a rising tendency in the past week, notwithstanding continued stiff money rates. Transactions, taken as a whole, were not large, however. It was again clique manipulation in prominent issues, which was most in evidence. In medium-priced shares, activity, was on a small basis, with price mutations very small. The bull leaders are putting on a bold front. They loudly assert that a prolonged upward movement is about to be started, and that the money situation must soon right itself in some way or other. They also declare that stocks are in strong hands, and that the outsiders are merely awaiting the signal to jump eagerly into the bull ring of the stock exchange.

Much is made of continued good rail-

way earnings. The weekly and monthly statements of the leading systems are pointed to as eloquent appeals to investors to buy stocks at the prevailing level. Yet it could be noticed latterly that some of the companies report almost startling augmentation of operating expenses. In a few instances, the additions to expenditures were so heavy as completely to offset all gains in gross. Conspicuous cases in point were, of late, the Reading and Southern Railway systems. The large increases in the prices of material and labor are at last beginning to tell. It will require a further accentuation of prosperity to offset this unfavorable factor in the situation.

The Pennsylvania has placed its stock on a straight 7 per cent basis. On the face of the company's financial statements, the increase in the rate was fully warranted. Yet, there are a few critics who incline to the belief that the directors would have done more wisely if they had postponed enlargement of surplus distributions to shareholders until next spring. It is generally understood that the directors had to raise the dividend rate in order to satisfy recent French purchasers of Pennsylvania \$50,000,000 5½ per cent short-term notes. French investors prefer large dividends on the shares of concerns whose bonds they have bought. The larger the dividend, the greater the bonds' safety. It is equally understood that the dividends on Baltimore & Ohio and Norfolk & Western common had to be enlarged for similar reasons. In the latter two cases, the negotiations for the sale of large blocks of B. & O. common and N. & W. common to Kuhn, Loeb & Co., were doubtless additional reasons for higher dividend rates.

The Pennsylvania earned almost 10 per cent on its \$306,000,000 capital stock in 1905. Since January 1st, 1906, the net earnings of the company's eastern lines indicate a gain of about \$5,040,000. The Western division is likewise reporting larger net revenues. Then, also, account must be taken of the proceeds derived from the sale of B. & O. and N. & W. common, and of the higher dividends on the block of shares of these two companies still held in the Pennsylvania Treasury. There was a big profit made on the purchase, some years ago, of these two stocks. Thus, taken all in all, Pennsylvania shareholders have no particular reason to be dissatisfied with the late action of the Pennsylvania directors on the dividend question. The stock is quoted at 141½ ex dividend, at this writing. This quotation looks remarkably low for a 7 per cent stock of this class. Far-sighted investors will, no doubt, pick up Pennsylvania on all moderate declines for a "long pull." The shares are now paying the highest dividend in twenty-five years. A dividend of 8 per cent was declared in 1881. Since that time, the rates fluctuated between 5½ and 6¼ per cent.

Mexican Central and Mexican National have been strong features of the past week's market. The shares are being "tipped" for sharp gains in the near future. There's persistent talk that the two roads will eventually be amalgamated under the supervision and control of the Mexican government. The Mexican National is already controlled in part by the government. The company is doing very well, and has no floating indebtedness of any kind. It has become a vigilant and successful competitor of the Mexican Central, the two lines paralleling each other for a considerable distance. It is surmised in some quarters that the reorganization of the Mexican Central will yet be undertaken by the shareholders of the National and the Mexican government, the latter guaranteeing the payment of readjusted fixed charges. National first preferred has advanced from 44 to 55¼ on rumors of a higher dividend rate.

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The recently published annual report showed a gain in gross earnings of \$641,000, and in net of \$471,092. Much of the prosperity of the Mexican lines must be ascribed to the sharp advance in the price of silver, which eases the burden of fixed charges by turning foreign exchange more in favor of Mexico.

The United States Steel directors have left the quarterly dividend rate on their common stock at one-half of one per cent. This induced some liquidation on the part of disappointed holders, but sales were well taken and the quotation remained practically unchanged. In conservative circles the directors are highly commended for their prudent action. The critical juncture in the steel trade seems to have been reached. There's excitement among

purchasers. The trade is confronted with a runaway market. This is not liked by experienced steel manufacturers. In the past, a breakdown in the trade was generally preceded by just such conditions as the present. The steel trust is making strong efforts to control the situation, and to keep prices down to a normal, sound basis. The corporation's net earnings for the quarter ending September 30 aggregated \$38,114,624. This shows a decrease from the previous quarter of \$2,010,400, but an increase over the September quarter of 1905 of \$6,874,042.

The output of the South African gold mines, for October, has broken all previous records. The total was 520,000 ounces fine gold, equivalent to about \$11,000,000. The Bank of England is now getting all of the Transvaal gold.



But its position is still precarious. The reserve ratio, last week, was reported at 36½ per cent, the lowest level reached since the fall of 1899. There's increasing fear of a further advance in the discount rate, in the event of a resumption of gold shipments to Egypt and fresh efforts on the part of Wall street to place its "finance bills" in Lombard street. The Bank of France has definitely and categorically turned down all applications for loans on American shares and bonds.

#### Local Securities.

There is but little worth chronicling in regard to the past week's events on the Fourth street exchange. Holders of local shares and bonds are not anxious to sell, because the number of buyers is small. Activity is confined to a few issues. In most cases, quotations are merely nominal. Financial shares show hardly any change. Bank of Commerce is 318 bid, 319 asked. For Missouri-Lincoln 133 is asked, with no bids at this writing.

United Railways common showed a little more activity. The last sales were made at 45 and 45½. The preferred is dull at 81½, and the 4 per cent bonds are 86½ bid, 87 asked.

Ely & Walker second preferred sold at 93½, and five shares of Simmons Hardware second preferred at 81½. A lot of 10 shares of the common found a buyer at 124.

Money rates remain at 6 per cent for time and call loans. Drafts on New York are higher, being now 30 discount bid, 15 discount asked. Sterling exchange is firm and higher at \$4.87. Berlin is 94.81, and Paris 5.1891.

#### Answers to Inquiries.

Market Trader, Macon, Mo.—Would be inclined to go slow for a while. Money market still an adverse factor. Prospects favor tight money for rest of the year. If you have profits on your holdings, take them.

W. A., Keokuk, Iowa.—Chicago Great Western common not in favor just now. Keep out of it. Moves up every once in a while, when pools take hold. Locomotive common looks high enough for the present.

#### Burton Holmes' Travelogues

The annual appearances of Mr. Burton Holmes will begin at the Odeon on Thursday of next week. His subjects for this season are all new and have proven strong drawing cards in New York, Philadelphia, Brooklyn and Pittsburg, where he is just completing a five weeks' circuit. The topics are as follows: "Cairo," "The Nile," "Athens and the Olympic Games," "Naples" and "The Eruption of Vesuvius in 1906." This entire series offers an immense variety of interest, and every possible opportunity for Mr. Holmes' talents as a photographer. His motion pictures are more than usually realistic and numerous, and at the same time better technically than ever before, while his still pictures are up to his regular standard. Seats for the entire course go on sale to-day at Bollman Bros.

#### St. Ann's Bazaar

The Catholic ladies interested in the St. Ann's Foundling Asylum are completing arrangements for a bazaar in aid of that old and excellent charitable institution, to be held at the asylum parlors, December 4th, 5th and 6th. The affair is an annual event, and it enlists the sympathies of many of the city's grand dames. The articles to be disposed of are always of rare and exquisite workmanship, so that the charitable motive is strengthened by the artistic and enlivened by the social significances of the occasion.

#### Prosperity of Southern Railway

The officials of the Mobile & Ohio railroad who have been appointed to assume the management of the lines of the Southern Railway Company in Mississippi have completed their tour of inspection begun on November 1st. Freight Traffic Manager Miller and General Passenger Agent Beall returned to St. Louis headquarters yesterday.

Mr. Beall said, "The lines of the Southern Railway in Mississippi, of which we have assumed the management, are in fairly good physical condition, but improvements in track, rolling stock, and motive power will be undertaken at once. The territory traversed by these lines is one of the richest agricultural regions in the world and I am told that much of the land in that section, particularly between West Point and Greenville, yields upwards of one and one-half bales of cotton to the acre without fertilizer. It was thought that the storm some weeks ago had inflicted irreparable damage to the cotton crop in Mississippi, but it now appears that the damage was comparatively slight and the crop this year will exceed that of last year by 20 per cent.

The towns along our entire line from Columbus to Greenville show every evidence of prosperity and growth, and the first difficulty confronting us in taking charge of the Southern Railway Company in Mississippi is that of furnishing the equipment necessary to take care of the business which is there for us.

It is a compliment to Vice-President Russell to have been selected to assume the management of this property, in addition to that of the Mobile & Ohio railroad, but the Board of Directors and the Executive Officers of the Southern Railway system have been so much gratified by the tremendous strides toward the front made by the Mobile Ohio railroad under his management that they concluded that that portion of their system lying within the State of Mississippi could be better managed by officials located at St. Louis and Mobile, who were practically on the ground, than from Washington.

After being elected Vice-President of the Southern Railway Company in Mississippi, in charge of the property, Colonel Russell's first circular was that appointing Mr. R. V. Taylor General Manager, and that appointment was followed by Circular No. 1, issued by Mr. Taylor, making the following appointments, effective November 1st:

Haiden Miller, Freight Traffic Manager, office Fullerton building, St. Louis.  
J. H. Denyven, General Freight Agent, office Fullerton building, St. Louis.

Jno. M. Beall, General Passenger Agent, Fullerton building, St. Louis.

H. W. Clarke, Superintendent of Transportation, office, Mobile, Ala.

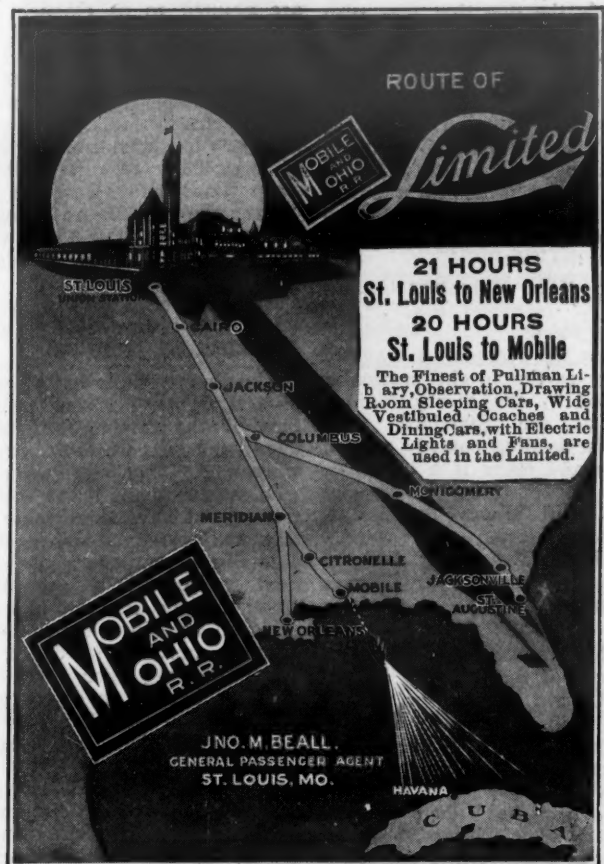
Geo. S. McKee, Superintendent of Motive Power and Car Equipment, office Mobile, Ala.

C. F. Blue, Superintendent Way and Structures, office Fullerton building, St. Louis.

R. H. Duesberry, Purchasing Agent, office, Mobile, Ala.

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In Song Recital at the **ODEON, Tuesday Evening Nov. 13**  
Seats now on sale at Balmer & Weber's, 1004 Olive Street  
\$2, \$1.50, \$1; Boxes \$15.

**IMPERIAL** 15-25-35-50c  
MATINEE Every Week Day 25c

The Big Musical Comedy **GAY NEW YORK**  
Next Sunday Mat.—The Volunteer Organist.

**German Theater—Odeon**  
HEINEMANN & WELB, Managers  
Next Sunday Night, Nov. 12, Musical Farce with Song and Dance

"DER WALDTEUFEL" (The Forest Sprite)  
with the full strength of the Company. Reserved seats can be secured by phone till 6.30 p. m. Sunday. Lindell 4080

**ODEON, 5 THURS. AT 8**  
**BURTON HOLMES**

TRAVELOGUES  
COLORED VIEWS, MOTION PICTURES  
CAIRO . . . . . NOV. 15  
THE NILE . . . . . NOV. 22  
ATHENS . . . . . NOV. 29  
NAPLES . . . . . DEC. 6  
VESUVIUS . . . . . DEC. 13  
COURSE SALE Opens Thursday November 8,  
Closes Saturday November 10.  
Single Sale, Tuesday November 13, at Bollman's

with the Mobile & Ohio railroad is in no way affected by these appointments, as they will each hold the same office with each of these separate companies.

Miss Devine announces to her patrons that she has moved her Dressmaking Parlors to 415 N. Euclid, near Westminster. McPherson car.

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WE TOLD YOU  
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we can refer you to the largest and best business houses in the world who recommend it unreservedly as the most perfect writing machine made.

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If a Car Lot Consumer, Command Us. Satisfaction Guaranteed.

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PROPRIETORS,  
Mines Nos. 1 and 2, Staunton, Ill. Capacity 4,000 Tons Daily

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## WE HAVE MOVED OUR UMBRELLAS

PARASOLS and CANES  
TO OUR  
NEW  
LOCATION.



WHERE WE  
SHALL BE  
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N. 6th St.  
Opposite Columbia  
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*Namendorfs*  
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THIS WEEK  
SOUSA OPERA CO.  
with  
JOSEPH CAWTHORN

"THE FREE LANCE"

NEXT MONDAY,  
The Truth  
with  
CLARA BLOODGOOD

Seats Ready Thursday

## CENTURY

THIS WEEK  
The Prince  
of Pilsen

NEXT SUNDAY  
DIGBY BELL  
IN  
THE EDUCATION  
OF MR. PIPP  
Seat Sale Thursday.

## GARRICK

MRS. FISKE PRESENTING  
THE NEW YORK IDEA

Starting Next Monday Night,

Miss Virginia Harned

In Victorien Sardou's Latest Comedy

## THE LOVE LETTER

## STANDARD

The Merry  
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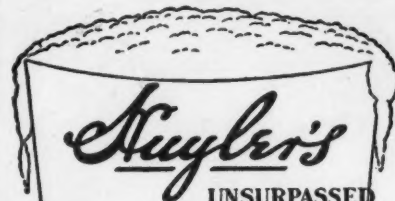
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MATINEES DAILY

THIS WEEK  
"WORLD BEATERS"  
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## CANDIES.

ALWAYS AN ACCEPTABLE GIFT.

LARGE VARIETY OF  
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OUR ICE CREAM SODA  
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A Special Value at 25c per lb.

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Stop-overs DEER PARK, WASHINGTON  
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Vestibuled trains 2:05 a. m., 9 a. m., 9:29 p. m.,  
11:50 a. m.

DINING CARS A LA CARTE.

TICKETS, OLIVE AND SIXTH STREETS

## A Food for Both

Before baby comes and during the  
nursing period, there is nothing quite  
so good for the Mother as the predigested  
liquid-food

ANHEUSER-BUSCH'S

## Malt-Nutrine

The strength-giving elements of Barley-  
Malt keep up the vital forces during this  
critical period and the natural tonic  
properties of Hops insure placid nerves  
and induce restful sleep.

Malt-Nutrine increases the flow and richness  
of mother's milk, thus making baby Healthy,  
Vigorous and Strong.

Sold by all Druggists and Grocers.

Prepared by

Anheuser-Busch Brewing Ass'n  
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IS FAST BECOMING THE

Fruit, Vegetable and Agricultural  
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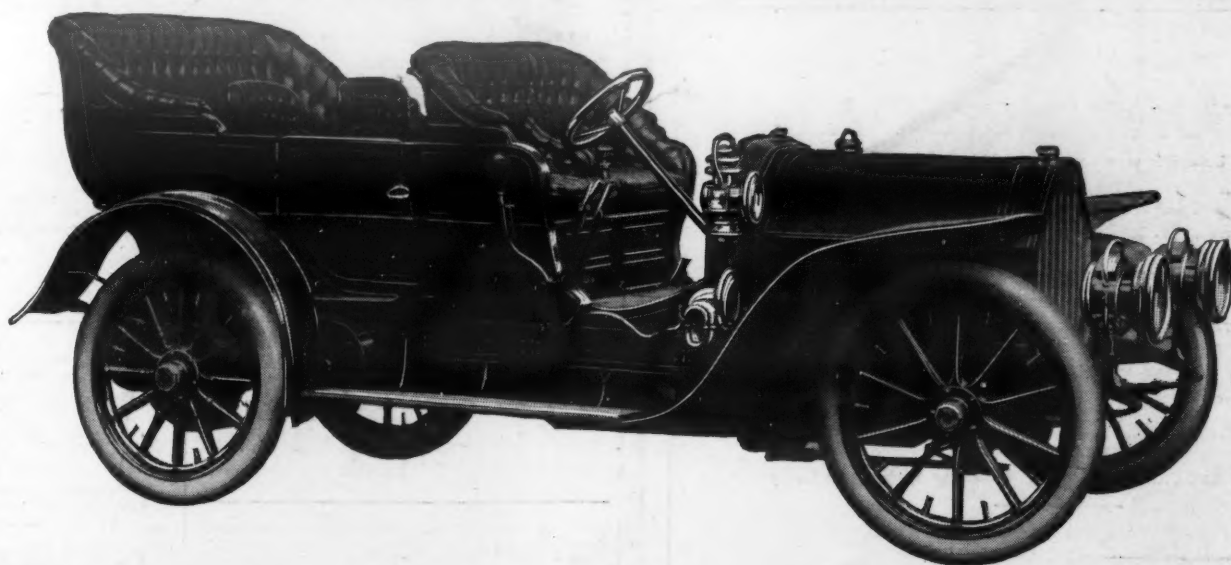
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## The 50 Horse-Power Type XV. Pope-Toledo

**Price \$4,250**

**Motor** Four cylinder, four cycle; copper jacketed, twin cylinders cast in pairs, heads integral. Mechanically operated valves located in cylinder heads and operated by double acting walking beam of one set of cams and push rods; three point bearing chrome nickel steel crank shaft, running on genuine imported Deutche Waffen Fabrik ball bearings of extremely large dimensions; all gears encased and running in oil. Jump spark ignition, high tension magneto (gear driven); centrifugal pump; "Planetic" type radiator, new in principle and unapproached in efficiency; capacity  $4\frac{1}{2}$  gallons. Carburation by our own patented type carburettor, simple in design, positive in effect (will not flood), giving great flexibility and power to engine, giving a ratio of speed from 160 to 1600 R. P. M.; unrivalled in economy of fuel consumption.

**Transmission of Power** Through multiple metal disc clutch working in oil tight case to transmission, containing four speeds and reverse; selective type and direct drive, made entirely from billets of chrome nickel steel testing 225,000 pounds tensile strength to the square inch. All ball bearings genuine imported Deutche Waffen Fabrik of large dimensions. Gears six pitch teeth. Clutch and transmission located directly back of fly wheel and under foot board, therefore extremely easy of access. Bevel gears and differential work in oil tight case located on and forming part of jack shaft. All bearings are of genuine imported Deutche Waffen Fabrik of generous dimensions.

**Double Direct Outside Chain Drive** Type XV is equipped with double, direct, outside Chain Drive, which is now conceded, both abroad and here, to be the most efficient. In Type XV we have succeeded in absolutely obliterating all chain noise by a new method in sprocket dimensions and in cutting the sprocket teeth.

**Frame** Channel cold pressed alloyed steel frame, side members being very deep and beaded over; contains four cross sections, and motor is so mounted that by removing radiator it can be slipped forward and taken out without disturbing any other part of car. This is easily accomplished.

**Steering** Irreversible; worm and segment type, in adjustable dust and mud proof case. Steering done on Deutche Waffen Fabrik bearings. Very rakish steering post of large diameter, rigidly supported; steering wheel aluminum spider with Cirassian Walnut wood grip rim.

**Axles** One piece chrome nickel steel 1-beam section; pivots and steering knuckles mounted on genuine Deutche Waffen Fabrik bearings.

**Brakes** All brakes double acting, easily adjusted by hand and equalized; one foot brake on drive shaft and two expanding emergency brakes of large surface acting on rear drive wheel, enclosed in mud and dust-proof case. All brakes very efficient and powerful.

**Wheels** 36 inch wood wheels, 10 spokes front and 12 spokes rear, and running on genuine Deutche Waffen Fabrik bearings of generous dimensions;  $3\frac{1}{2}$  inch tire front,  $4\frac{1}{2}$  inch tire rear; wheel base 115 inch; tread standard 54 inch.

**Body** Steel, with roomy side entrance, and a seating capacity for seven adults; a very roomy tonneau; hood aluminum, new in design, and opening from either side; guards aluminum, extra wide, large and flaring.

**Equipment** Two large Parabolens acetylene searchlights; two large side oil lights; on rear signal light and generator. Complete equipment of tools and extra large French horn.

**Runabout** We build a runabout, same chassis as described above, with the exception that the wheel base is shorter and the entire car much lighter, with a very rakish steering post, front axles and wheels set farther front. This will be an especially fast car.

**Remarks** We wish to impress upon our customers the fact that every bearing in this entire car, with the exception of the connecting rods, are the genuine Deutche Waffen Fabrik, and of very generous dimensions. The thrust bearings are also Deutche Waffen Fabrik. The motor is extremely quiet running, and our sprockets and roller chain of chrome nickel steel are so designed that they are noiseless in operation, making this car as noiseless as it is possible to build an automobile.

### THE POPE HARTFORD

If you want a shaft driven car of 35 horse-power with three speed transmissions, seating five passengers, there is no better automobile of this kind made than the Pope-Hartford, selling for \$2,750 completely equipped. It is as noiseless as it is possible for an automobile to be. It is a better hill climber than either the Pierce or the Packard. It is better looking than the Pierce, but not so good looking as the Packard, and as for reliability, it made a perfect score in the Glidden tour, which some others very much higher priced didn't make. Here is some evidence on the hill climbing question. It is taken from The Motor Age and refers to the annual hill climb at Rochester, N. Y., October 20th, 1906.

(23-30 Horse-power inclusive.)			
Demmler, Pope-Hartford	28-30 horsepower	0:54	1-5
B. Stetsel, Ford	18	1:05	1-5
R. C. Finucane, Franklin	12	1:10	
W. J. Graham, Columbia	24	1:13	4-5

A. V. Hart, Haynes	20	horsepower	1:15	1-5
R. Foote, Franklin	20	"	1:19	3-5
J. N. Heberger, Corbin	24	"	1:21	2-5
Jno. Rauber, Jr., Aerocar	24	"	Drawn	
Henry R. Selden, Columbia	24-28	"	Drawn	
(31-40 Horsepower inclusive.)				
Jno. Meiser, Pope-Toledo	35-40 horsepower	0:59		
N. B. Stetsel, Ford	18	1:05		
Rowe, Royal Tourist	40	1:13		
Carl W. Storandt, Stoddard-Dayton	40	1:17	3-5	
(Free for All.)				
Wm. Knipper, Thomas Flyer	60 (stripped)	0:51	4-5	
J. P. Grady, Pope-Hartford	28-30 (stripped)	0:51	4-5	
Jno. Meiser, Pope-Toledo	35-40 (fully equipped)	0:56		
W. McLean, Oldsmobile	24-28	Interference		
N. B. Stetsel, Ford	18	Drawn		

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The Most Completely Equipped Garage in the City.

Electric Charging.